

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 23, 1971 80 CENTS

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ON
WHEELS



Cutty Sark vs. Thermopylae.

The most famous clipper race of all time

In the early 1870's, the clipper *Thermopylae* held "the blue ribband," symbol of victory in the incredible tea races that pitted great ships against each other and half the world's oceans. But then came *Cutty Sark*, built solely to beat *Thermopylae*. And in 1872, the two ships met for the first and only time.

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Courtesy private collection of Lt. Col. James M. Thompson, M.C.



Capt. Moodie,
Cutty's commander
in her most famous race.

Cutty's jury rudder,
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Next week

RACING AT LAST: the National League, East and West, is giving big-league baseball what it hasn't had all year: real competition. A report on the cold war turned suddenly hot.

HAUGHTY HIGH-SPEED char-
acters from the factories of Italy's elegant automakers, de Tomasio, Lamborghini and Ferrari, make icy status symbols for the very mobile rich.

THE COLTS' JOHN MACKEY owes a lot of bruises to NFL defensive backs who tormented him last year when he was injured. But now he is well, and ready to pay off past debts.

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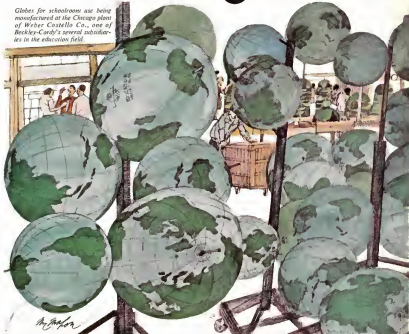
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

MONEY TALKS TENNIS

The U.S. Open at Forest Hills scheduled for Sept. 1 is rapidly losing its chief attractions. Wimbledon champion Evonne Goolagong announced some time ago that she was tired and was going home to Australia for a rest. Among the top male stars who will not compete are Roy Emerson, Cliff Drysdale, Andres Gimeno and Fred Stolle. Now Ken Rosewall, the defending champion, has added himself to the defectors.

And Rod Laver may join them. Beaten at Toronto by Roger Taylor, Laver quit the doubles and went home to Corona del Mar, Calif. Depressed and confused by his slump, Laver said he felt "like a bull physically but drained mentally."

"I haven't made up my mind yet [about playing at Forest Hills]," he said, "but at this stage I'm doubtful."

What is happening to Forest Hills is what happened to the French championships in May. The quick buck is of more concern now than tradition.

The most a player can make at Forest Hills is \$20,000, and to get that he must play for two weeks and in seven five-set matches. By contrast, Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis playoffs in November offer a \$50,000 prize for winning only three matches spread out over a leisurely two weeks. All the men players who have quit so far are on the WCT team.

THE TIE-BUSTERS

The tie game in any sport is a disappointment to fans of both sides except, of course, when an utter underdog manages to achieve a tie. Now Kansas is experimenting with a scheme to end all ties in high school football. The plan has a certain logic going for it and, conceivably, could spread to college and professional football. The National Alliance Football Rules Committee is permitting all Kansas high school football teams to try it out.

If a game is tied at the end of regulation play, there will be a coin toss. The winner will get the ball on the opponent's 10-yard line and have four plays in which to score by touchdown or field goal, and with the option of a one- or two-point conversion after a touchdown.

Then the ball goes to the other team for four plays. If one team scores in the series and the other does not, the team that scores wins. If neither scores or they both score the same number of points, they continue into second, third, fourth and subsequent overtimes until one team outscores the other from the 10, with each team having had an equal number of opportunities to score.

It's an experiment that just might provide a solution.

THE ALLEGHENY YO-YO

Western Pennsylvania fishermen and boatmen have been disturbed during recent seasons by the ups and downs of the Kinzua Dam near Warren. Last year the water level in the reservoir rose and fell as much as 52 feet. Below the dam the Allegheny River fluctuated up to eight feet. Result: poor fishing and uncertain boating.

Ordinary protests to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers at Pittsburgh have been unavailing. Now the sportsmen are using a more subtle technique. They are mailing Yo-Yos to the Corps.

EXPORTS, IMPORTS AND SPORTS

After accepting the idea of the American drugstore, the French have taken to pinball machines and, not to be outdone, the Americanized Japanese have made bowling an explosively expanding business.

The French refer to pinballing as "flipper" and practice the game on an estimated 150,000 machines from the Côte d'Azur to darkest Lille. There are 20 major distributors, most of them American. Naturally, the game has produced its own breed of Minnesota Fats, the flipper hustler who

drinks all day on his touch and reflexes.

As for Japan, that country had only about 50 bowling lanes 10 years ago. At the end of last month there were 44,600 in some 1,800 bowling centers, all equipped with mechanical pinspotters and other paraphernalia supplied by American companies in joint ventures with Japanese firms.

Japan, long enthralled with baseball, more recently with horse racing, golf and skiing, has now become the second most devoted bowling nation in the world.

SUPERROOKIE

A rookie tight end of the Dallas Cowboys who never played football in college, John Nelson has become a kind of star in Cowboy practice sessions. He loosens up by jumping over automobiles, taking them at a single bound, just like Superman.

Nelson began by jumping over the hoods of small foreign cars. Then he



graduated to the hoods of Lincoln Continentals. His finest achievement so far has been to clear the top, not just the hood, of a Chevrolet Malibu.

The secret of clearing automobiles, says Nelson, is "getting your feet high enough." The logic is inescapable.

KING TUBE

Ever since World War II the Michigan-Michigan State football game has been a sellout, seen either by 101,001 at Michigan or 76,000 at Michigan State. This is State's year to play host, and all tick-

continued



stars bright

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SCORECARD

ets are now long gone. But ticket holders may not know what the kickoff time will be until two days before the game.

It's all because ABC-TV cannot tell the teams right now what time to play this traditional game. It will start at either 11:50 a.m. or 1:50 p.m., depending on just how the Oakland Athletics are doing. The A's could either be representing the American League in the World Series or be out of action entirely. If the A's are in the Series, the football game would start at 11:50, before the Series game from the West Coast. Otherwise, it will be the later time.

And ABC, which does football, doesn't even do the baseball. NBC does. What is wagging what?

THEY DON'T EVEN YELL FORE

Water hazards are one thing, but what has been happening at the Fort Dupont golf course in Washington, D.C., is ridiculous. The course is about to be closed down because so many golfers are being held up and robbed. The 9th green is especially popular with the muggers, who got three Washington policemen there in 1969.

SIBLING RIVALRY AGAIN

It is the ambition of Billie Jean King to become the first woman athlete to earn \$100,000 in purses in one year. Though she is now within \$33,000 of the goal after taking \$11,000 in the Virginia Slims International at Houston, she still is not sure she can make it. It would mean winning all the remaining domestic tournaments. She has won 10 of the 15 in which she has appeared this year.

In addition, however, there is the Pepsi Grand Prix, which awards points for each tournament finish and a \$10,000 prize at season's end. And there are tournaments in England in November and New Zealand in December.

"I hope to hit \$100,000 without going overseas," she says.

Although the Ladies Professional Golf Association has been in existence for 20 years, Carol Mann's \$49,000 in 1969 topped all women's professional sports earnings for one year. Mrs. King has already surpassed that figure in 1971.

Aside from the money and the honor of the accomplishment, she has another motive. Brother Randy Moffitt priches for the Phoenix Gaians and was San

Francisco's early draft choice in 1969 out of Long Beach State in baseball's free-agent draft.

"Dad never encouraged Randy to play tennis because there wasn't any money in it," Mrs. King explained happily. "But you know what? I'll bet I've made more money this year than Randy has, bonus included."

SOCCER MUST LIVE

Prices of burial plots in Newcastle, Turkey have risen from \$7 to \$14. The mayor says the money will be used to raise the salaries of the town's soccer team.

THE DUKE MAKES A DEAL

It was almost certainly no coincidence that just a week after hiring Wayne Duke as Big Ten (Western Conference) commissioner, the conference announced that henceforth it would allow its football champions to make two or more consecutive appearances in the Rose Bowl.

Twenty-five years have passed since the Big Ten agreed to send a team to the Rose Bowl each year. But even then it agreed only to send a "representative" team. The Big Ten champion of a given season, if it happened to repeat, could not go to Pasadena the second year. The idea was to prevent one team or another from dominating the conference by attracting top-level high school athletes eager for a chance at several Rose Bowl games.

As a result, other colleges moved into Big Ten recruiting territory and told prospects something like "Ohio State's going to the Rose Bowl in a year or two, and you'll just be sitting on the bench as a sophomore. But when you're playing first string, they won't be eligible because they can't go twice to the Bowl."

Competitive conferences thus were able to draw away more than a few prospects who might otherwise have gone to a Big Ten school. One of three was the Big Eight—under the leadership of Wayne Duke.

STOUT FELLOWS ALL

That bartender's companion, the *Guinness Book of World Records*, is about to undergo a certain reform in that after its next edition, already on the press, it will no longer publish records that might encourage people to injure themselves.

Ross McWhirter, one of the editors,

explained that a likely ban would be put on such records as car cramming: when 103 persons got into a Volkswagen, for instance, one man on the bottom was somewhat crushed.

On the other hand, records by professionals, such as the circus girl who is shot the farthest from a cannon, may well be included.

"We might include the oyster-eating record," McWhirter said, "as oysters are too expensive for students."

Meanwhile, in Seattle, promoters of the city's summer celebration, Seafair, got together with David S. Hoy of Guinness and held a world records contest. At last look, new records had peaked at about 20. Among them:

Rocking chair—Miss Randy Dahl, 150 hours, 18 minutes (old record, 125 hours, 3 minutes)

Pies in the face—J. P. Patches and Gertrude, TV clowns, 111 pies (no previous record).

Singing the same song—The Woodsheddors sang *Coney Island Baby* 127 times (no previous record).

THE SAVAGE BREAST

Wildlife News, a publication of the Arizona Game and Fish Department, vouches for it, so it must be true. European hunters are luring deer within shooting range by hiring violinists to play for them.

"In Sweden," says *Wildlife News*, "one moose became so enraged with the music he heard that he charged into the band and killed both hunter and musician."

There ought to be a law against such fiddle-fiddle.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Mazeroski, Pittsburgh Pirate second baseman, playing third base for the first time in his 16-year career. "It's like learning to write with your left hand."

• Peaches Bartkowicz, pro tennis player, asked how she likes the tie-breaker scoring system now in use. "I don't know. I never get that far."

• Joe O'Donnell, Buffalo Bill guard, chucking over the new NFL policy of announcing over the public address system the name of the player on whom a penalty is assessed: "Since I've been in pro football, starting in 1964, I estimate I've been called for holding six or eight times. I could have been called 200 times."

END

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DODGING THE DRAFT IN CANADA

Like most draft dodgers, Joe Theismann, Steve Worster and Jim Stillwagon just packed their things and took off for Canada. No, it's not the U.S. Army they are avoiding. It's the National Football League, or, as Theismann calls it, the "Establishment system." Despite their All-America watches and plaques they all drew bad numbers in the NFL draft, and then the numbers on the NFL contracts offered to them were even worse. "I may be a green-bottomed kid from Texas," Worster says, "but I'm not plain dumb like the NFL must've thought I was." So, goodbye, NFL. Goodbye, USA. And, hello, Canada.

In this period of tight money and the common draft, the Canadian Football League suddenly has become an attractive alternative to the NFL for players such as Theismann, Worster and Stillwagon. Rather than sit on a bench and earn comparatively low wages, they can go north and satisfy their ego and competitive appetites by playing regularly for big money in the CFL—even if the Canadian dollar was worth only 98¢ in the U.S. last week.

Theismann, the former Notre Dame quarterback whose name never did rhyme with Heisman, was drafted in the fourth round by the Miami Dolphins but spurned the NFL and signed a two-year contract with the Toronto Argonauts for an estimated \$120,000. Worster waited three months for the Los Angeles Rams, who had selected him in the fourth round, to call with their first

More and more U.S. college stars are unwilling to be bench warmers in the NFL when they can make big money playing football in Canada

by MARK MULVOY

contract offer. "What they did offer was disgraceful," he says. "I knew what fourth-round running backs should be offered. Well, they tried to sign me for what they'd give a sixth-round lineman. A lineman!" Worster promptly signed with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats for a reported \$100,000 over three years. Stillwagon, who was the most publicized defensive lineman in the country last year when he played for Ohio State, was drafted No. 5 by Green Bay, and three days later a Packer assistant coach dropped by Columbus for a chat. "He talked about moving me to middle linebacker, where Ray Nitschke plays," Stillwagon said. "Then he offered me a contract." Toronto offered more money, a starting job at defensive tackle and fringe considerations, so Stillwagon signed a two-year contract for \$65,000.

The Argonauts, though, did not confine their raids on U.S. talent strictly to the class of '71. "The club directors told me to get a championship team," says Toronto Coach Leo Cahill, "and they gave me plenty of money to do it." Cahill lured Leon McQuay, an explosive running back who had decided not to

return to the University of Tampa for his senior year, to Toronto with a one-year contract for \$30,000, and then he signed Greg Barton, the quarterback who had played out his option with the Detroit Lions and had been traded to the Philadelphia Eagles for three draft choices, to a five-year contract for a reported \$350,000.

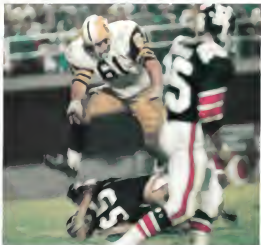
Last week all these draft dodgers earned their money. Worster caught a 45-yard pass and carried it the last 10 yards for a key touchdown as Hamilton upset the Ottawa Rough Riders 20-17. "That was the longest pass I've ever caught," Worster said after the game. "At Texas all I ever caught were little screen passes. Wait. Once I did catch a pass five yards downfield. You know how much Darrell Royal likes the forward pass."

Theismann, meanwhile, powered the undefeated Argonauts to their third victory—the regular season begins early and ends Oct. 31—as he ran 84 yards for one touchdown on a draw play and passed for another on a 94-yard play in a 26-14 upset of the Montreal Alouettes. Barton, who alternates with Theismann, sent McQuay on an 81-yard romp for the Argonauts' third touchdown, and Stillwagon anchored the stiff Toronto defense.

McQuay, who wears white football
continued

Montreal outbid Baltimore Colts for Steve Snee, an All-America from Penn State. Snee shows pageantry at Edmonton-Calgary game





CANADIAN FOOTBALL *continued*

shoes, calls himself X Ray because "an X Ray is so fast that you never see it." In three games he has scored five touchdowns, gained 363 yards rushing for an average of 8.6 yards per carry and caught seven passes for 113 yards. When the Argonauts huddle, X Ray tells the offensive linemen, "Remember, I don't need a hole—just a crack." Then, after he scores a touchdown, X Ray triumphantly raises his arms and bows to the crowd.

"There's a little bit of hot dog in him right now," Cahill admits, "but when you can run like he can, well, you can

Rick Perdoni (81, left), formerly of Georgia Tech and now of Hamilton, is the second best rookie lineman in the league, while Joe Thelemene (7) of Notre Dame stars for Toronto.



be a little loose," McQuay almost certainly will be an early first-round NFL draft selection next January. His one-year contract with the Argonauts contains the standard option-clause agreement, but not many people in Toronto—including most of the Argonauts—expect X Ray to return in 1972.

"Of course, the way Greg and I have been using X Ray he may not even survive *this* year," Theismann says. "He almost always gets a first down every time he carries, so we almost always give him the ball. I gave it to him eight straight times in one game and he gained about 80 yards. I called his number for the next play and he said, 'Joe, could you spread it around just this once?' I guess he was weary."

Thanks mostly to the performances of the Argonauts' fresh imports, Torontonians are talking Grey Cup for the first time in 19 years. The Grey Cup is Canada's Super Bowl and climaxes a week-long orgy that makes the Texas-Oklahoma weekend look like a sock hop.

Until this year, when Toronto and Hamilton, in particular, began to tempt big-name American players with big Canadian dollars, the NFL looked upon the CFL as a retreat for its rejects and for those draft choices from places like Emory & Henry and Wittenberg who probably would not have lasted very long in the U.S. anyway. The people in Philadelphia probably have never heard of Sonny Wade, the Eagles' 10th-round pick in 1969 who quarterbacked Montreal to the Canadian championship last season. Wade came from Emory & Henry. Ron Lancaster is a Wittenberg alumnus, and for the last five years he has been the CFL's best quarterback. But Lancaster is only 5'10"—much too small to be an NFL quarterback, according to the computer.

The typical American football player in Canada today, though, is a Gary Wood, a star in Ottawa but unwanted in New York; a Don Trull, loved in Edmonton but booed in Boston and in Houston; a Granville Liggins, an All-America middle guard at Oklahoma but supposedly too small to play in the NFL; an Angelo Mosca, too undisciplined in his formative years to submit to weight and bed checks; a Paul Brothers, an option quarterback at Oregon State with no regard for the pocket; and a Mel Prof-

it, a free spirit, free thinker, free talker out of UCLA who does not think he could adjust to the NFL's code of silence and, as a result, turned down several offers from NFL clubs that needed a tight end this year.

Canada's search for quality imports actually began last season when the Alouettes outbid the Baltimore Colts for Steve Smeat, the All-America defensive lineman from Penn State. The Colts told Smeat they wanted to switch him to middle linebacker, but they never talked in convincing tones about Smeat's talent. "Some of their people didn't think I was very good, I guess," says Smeat. Instead, he signed with the Alouettes, made All-CFL at defensive end and helped Montreal win the championship. Now he plays middle linebacker and could become Canada's best.

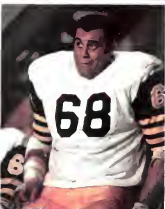
This year, in addition to the Theismanns and Worsters, the CFL has signed its usual collection of relative unknowns. Jim Chasey was all-Ivy League and all-East at Dartmouth, but the NFL ignored him. Montreal signed Chasey for peanuts, and he quarterbacked the Alouettes to victory in their opening game. "Wish Ken Dryden of Cornell playing for the Canadiens, and Chasey of Dartmouth with the Alouettes, all the Expos need is a shortstop from Harvard," someone said last week. The British Columbia Lions have Michigan's Don Moorhead to back up Brothers at quarterback, and the Calgary Stampeders list Jim Lindsey, the all-time NCAA college-division total-offense leader at Abilene Christian, as No. 2 quarterback.

Next to Stillwagon, the best rookie lineman so far has been Rock Perdoni, a Georgia Tech graduate passed over by the NFL because of his size—5'10", 235 pounds. Perdoni starts at defensive right end for Hamilton, while Mosca plays on the left side, forming what they call "Little Italy."

There are 14 Americans on each of the nine 32-man rosters in the CFL. All

continued

Jim Lindsey (top, right) of Abilene Christian is a reserve quarterback for Calgary. Greg Barton, who was with the Detroit Lions, alternates with Theismann; Angelo Mosca, 24, of Notre Dame, has become a Canadian citizen.





the starting quarterbacks in the league are from the U.S., as are all the head coaches and most of the assistants. Few colleges in Canada have football teams, and fewer award football scholarships. As a result, there are seldom more than 25 Canadian players competing for the 18 roster spots available on each team. The survivors usually find themselves playing up front in the trenches. American players monopolize the running back, receiver, defensive secondary and quarterback positions.

The Canadians don't resent the U.S. players hogging the glamour jobs. "When you win you make more money," says Ralph Sazio, the general manager of the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, "and you win by having your best players at the most important positions."

By CFL definition, a "Canadian" can be anyone who did not play high school, college or professional football in the U.S. (In the past, a "Canadian" was also anyone whose father was born in Canada. This led to the forging of birth certificates and other chicanery, and the definition has been changed.) The letter of that law may be tested this week by the Montreal Alouettes. They are giving a trial to U.S. sprinter John Carlos, who was recently cut by the Philadelphia Eagles. The Alouettes claim that Carlos never played a game of football in the U.S. What does Toronto's Leo Cahill say? "If Carlos is ruled a Canadian, I'll be at the commissioner's office the next morning."

On the other hand, many players originally from the U.S., such as Mosca and ex-Quarterback Bernie Faloney, now are legitimate Canadians, having spent the required five years in the country and having taken out citizenship papers.

Despite the U.S. influence, the game remains very Canadian. The CFL plays with 12 men (an extra back) on the field and there are three downs instead of four. "Three yards and a cloud of dust up here means that you kick the ball all night," Theismann says. The playing field is 10 yards longer and 11½ yards wider. "I'm forever grateful that the sidelines are closer in the States," Joe Kapp

once said. The end zones are 25 yards deep—not 10—and in Toronto they are curved at the corners because of an adjacent running track.

All these dissimilarities force Canadian teams to play a wide-open, go-for-the-bomb style rather than the ball-control, patterned attack employed by many U.S. pro teams. This suits a sprint-out quarterback like Theismann just fine but hampers a relatively slow runner like Worster who rarely goes outside tackle. One big help is that the backfield can be in motion at any time. When Theismann ran 84 yards against Montreal, he had all his backs darting about—two to one side, two to the other—and the Alouette defenders left the middle open as they scrambled around looking for the backs. Theismann took the snap, dropped back one step, then shot forward. No Alouette touched him. "Just like they do it in the NFL," Barton said, laughing.

The biggest difference, though, is in the kicking game. When a punter or a field-goal kicker boots the ball out of the end zone, his team scores a single point—formerly known as a rouge, now simply as a single. Also, when a kick returner cannot break out of his end zone with a punt or a missed field goal, the kicking team gets a single, too. (Unlike in U.S. ball, a kick cannot be downed.) The Argonauts won their opening game this year when Zenon Andrusyshyn, the former UCLA kicker, punted the ball out of the end zone for a single in the closing minutes. The single has practically eliminated ties in the CFL; last year, for instance, there was only one tie in 60 games. And, oh yes, no time-outs can be called in the Canadian game.

The nine CFL teams all make money, although the largest arena—Hamilton's refurbished Ivor Wynne Stadium—seats only 35,000. Last season CFL teams drew nearly two million people, 93% of capacity and, as in Canadian hockey, everyone is in their seats long before the playing of *O Canada*. "Considering that Canada has only 22 million people," says CFL Commissioner Jake Gaudaur, "it means that one of every 11 Canadians paid to see a game." Television rights bring in \$1.1 million—for the entire league, that is. Each NFL club, on the other hand, gets more than \$1.4 million a year for its TV rights.

Dollars aside, the Canadians approach the game with none of the computerized technology that dominates the NFL. Indeed, most NFL coaches would hardly believe the apparent lack of preparation, at least according to NFL standards, that goes into each game. First of all, CFL coaches usually have only two assistants; if they have a third he might be a playing coach, like Montreal's Gene Guines, or a part-time coach like Toronto's Bob Gibson, who returns to his teaching position at Bowling Green in a few weeks.

The quarterbacks are often the only real full-time players. Receiver Mike Eben of the Argonauts is a graduate assistant in German at the University of Toronto; Defensive Halfback Gerry Sternberg has a law practice, Center Paul Desjardins, who has a doctorate in biochemistry, spends his days in a laboratory; Defensive Back Mary Easter teaches school; Tight End Mel Profit operates a men's boutique fittingly named *The First Asylum*.

In Toronto, Theismann and Barton arrive around one o'clock to go over game plans, study films and plot other strategy. The rest of the players start straggling into the locker room around four p.m. Practice starts at five and finishes at about 6:30. "When I came here I couldn't believe it," Theismann said last week. "At Notre Dame I used to spend eight hours watching films every day." Hamilton's Worster did not know whether Ottawa was an Eastern or Western Division rival until after the game. "We were driving in on the bus and one of the players said, 'O.K., guys, let's get 'em . . . they're our hated rivals.' I said, 'Oh, they are?' But that's the way it is up here."

After the game in Ottawa, Worster flew home to Texas for five days. "Can you imagine this?" he said. "We don't play for two weeks, so they give us five days off. I don't believe it." While in Austin, Worster said he planned to talk with Quarterback Eddie Phillips and Running Back Jim Bertelsen about the advantages of playing in Canada. "I'm just going to tell them it's the only place to play," he said.

And what does Jim Stillwagon think? He likes playing in Canada so much he has had a Canadian flag tattooed on his *derrière*. **END**

Texas' Steve Worster (top) got \$100,000 three-year contract from Hamilton. Tampa's Leon McQuay (24) is averaging 8.6 yards per carry.

ALL BUSINESS FOR THE BIG BIRD

Harness racing's latest wonder horse, the 3-year-old pacer Albatross, seems a cinch to break all sorts of world records, but right now all that he is being asked to do is win races and make money **by WILLIAM F. REED**

Nobody really expected the \$88,800 Adios Pace to be much of a race—not with Albatross in the field. By the time he arrived at The Meadows, that lovely little track in the rolling hills south of Pittsburgh, Albatross (also known as the Big Bird, for obvious reasons) had soared so far above his competition that even Stanley Dancer, his taciturn trainer-driver, was moved to say, "I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't lose another race the rest of the season." Which means, of course, that Stanley figures his supercolt is a shoo-in for pacing's top prize—the Little Brown Jug—next month in Delaware, Ohio.

But last week the colt's goal was the Adios, a classic in its own right and one of pacing's Big Four since its inception in 1967. The race was the brainchild of Delvin Miller, long one of harness racing's most influential horsemen. Miller built The Meadows only a pasture or so removed from his sprawling Meadowlands Farm, and he saw to it that the new track's premier race was named after Adios, the fine pacer whose overwhelming success at stud made Miller wealthy. The Adios is always the highlight of Grand Circuit week at The Meadows, and last week the mood was particularly festive, what with this being the circuit's 100th anniversary season and Miller being its president.

Although the track's efforts to publicize the Adios were hampered somewhat by the Pittsburgh newspaper strike, a healthy crowd of 9,506 showed up to watch the classic and to get a look at the colt who already is being compared with Dan Patch and Bert Hanover. Going into the Adios, Albatross had won 27 of 31 starts—including the Messenger and the Cane Futurity, the first two legs of the Big Four—and \$483,029.

When Dancer brought out Albatross for a warmup between the first and second races, the public-address announcer proclaimed dramatically, "Albatross is on the track," and people craned their necks and stood on tiptoe to get a glimpse

of the Big Bird. Later, in the first heat of the Adios, Albatross started from the No. 10 post position, back in the second tier of starters. Dancer allowed him to dawdle along behind until the field sorted itself out. "I couldn't see rushing him into that pack and taking a chance on getting him bumped," the trainer-driver explained. But by the half-mile mark Albatross had moved up easily into sixth place, and at the three-quarter he was second, behind H.T. Luca, driven by Del Insko. Halfway down the stretch Dancer wiggled his whip and Albatross instantly moved up and past H.T. Luca. "I heard him burning gravel back there," Insko said later. At the wire Albatross had a length and a half margin and an official time of 1:58½ for the mile. "He did it the hard way," Dancer commented, "and that's how the great ones do it."

The win gave Albatross the pole for the second heat, which turned out to be a laugh. Never worse than second, Albatross was maneuvered into the lead by Dancer just at the half, and down the stretch it was Albatross way out in front, alone, with the rest of the field bunched behind him in a fight for second. His winning margin was an easy three lengths, his time 1:59½.

Albatross was born May 26, 1968 at Stoner Creek Stud near Paris, Ky. He was by a good sire, Meadow Skipper, but his dam, Voodoo Hanover, never made it to the races. She was the property of five horsemen who called themselves the Voodoo Hanover Syndicate, and Albatross was her first foal. He was not considered anything special and in July 1969, the syndicate sold foal, mother and a suckling filly to Bert James for \$11,000.

James, 51, is known as a master salesman. He hit it big with a Cadillac-Chevrolet agency in Windsor, Ontario, which at peak did an annual business of around \$8 million, or, as James puts it, adjusting his black-rimmed Barry Goldwater glasses and flicking the ashes off a fat

Windsor cigar, "I ground a few dollars out of it." In 1965 he made a fateful deal: a new Cadillac for a used car and three harness horses. He sold one horse for \$500 and a second was claimed away from him for \$1,000, but the third earned \$13,000—and James was hooked. By 1967 he had shelved his automobile agency and plunged headlong into the horse business. Now he leases a 500-acre farm—called The James Boys Farm—not far from The Meadows, where he keeps nearly 100 head of breeding stock, though he still considers himself a businessman first and a horseman only incidentally.

James' first move with Albatross, then a scrawny yearling, was to try to sell



Ex-Trainer Dancer is bitten over dramatic.

him. In November 1969 he sent the colt to the famous Harrisburg sale, where he hoped to get \$7,000 for him. No one bid that high, so James had a friend, Tim Rooney, a son of Art Rooney of the Pittsburgh Steelers, buy him back for \$6,800. James tried again to unload the colt but to no avail—one deal fell through when a prospective buyer balked at paying the \$500 transportation fee from western Pennsylvania to New Jersey—and Albatross remained at Arden Hills Farm near The Meadows, where James had put him in the care of Trainer-Driver Harry Harvey.

Before he began to train Albatross, Harvey was best known as the youngest man ever to drive a Hambletonian winner—he was 29 when he won with Helicopter in 1953 (27-year-old Johnny Simpson Jr. won with Timothy T. last year). Long one of Del Miller's assistants, Harvey bought Arden Hills Farm from his boss in 1966 and began a modest breeding business. In 1968 he resumed training and driving and began to beef up his public stable.

From December 1969 through late May 1970, Harvey worked with Albatross every day. "He was a nice-gaited horse, intelligent and alert," says Harvey, "but he was high-spirited, so I had to put him in a padded stall. He had lots of little idiosyncracies. He was fussy about the bits in his mouth, and he didn't like to have dirt kicked in his face. But we got those things corrected." Soon Harvey realized that Albatross was a much better colt than his owner had thought.

On May 20, 1970, Albatross made his debut at The Meadows. He won convincingly, the beginning of a summer-long odyssey that carried him to the forefront of the harness-racing world. He started 17 times, all with Harvey in the sulky, and won 14. His best mile times of 1:57½ on a mile track and 2:00½ on a half-mile track were better than any of his peers, and his earnings of \$183,540 made him the leading money-winning 2-year-old pacer of all time.

This year in May, Albatross, now a prime 3-year-old, was syndicated for a whopping \$1,250,000. James retained a 25% interest in the horse, with eight other prominent racing people also owning shares. Dancer, whose clients included four of the nine syndicate members, replaced Harvey as trainer-

driver. "I was in a state of shock," says Harvey. "It's the worst thing that's ever happened to me."

To compensate Harvey for his projected financial losses—as trainer-driver he would get 10% of the colt's winnings—the syndicate gave him 5% of the gross sales price, or about \$60,000. But there was no way they could reimburse him for the thrill of driving the horse, his horse, the one he had broken and developed. Harvey felt that James sold him out, and that he had been squashed in the inexorable machinations of big business. He is so bitter about the deal that he refuses to watch Albatross race, or even visit him when they are at the same track. He still trains a promising filly, Saucy Wave, for James, but their relationship is uneasy at best.

"Oh, we get along," says Harvey. "I'm enough of a realist to know that in this business you're strictly at the mercy of the owner, and Bert's a businessman."

"Look," says James, puffing coolly on his cigar, "I know Harry was upset. But in my position I had to look at the overall picture, and a million plus is a lot of money. In any business my prime objective is to be a success, and I guess that's measured in money, isn't it?"

By that yardstick, the deal is paying off as handsomely as expected. The syndicate plans on racing Albatross all this

year and next and, barring misfortune, the colt may win back most of his syndication price even before he is sent to stud at syndicate member Alan Leavitt's Lams Lobell Farm. Everything after that would be so much gravy.

As for Dancer, his stable earned more than \$2 million in 1970, and with Albatross he may surpass that sum this year. He might also break a few records with the colt en route. In a race at Yonkers a year ago, Harvey turned Albatross loose in one race and he opened up eight lengths from the ¼ pole to the finish. Recently, in the Commodore Pace at Roosevelt, Albatross was behind turning for home, had to go three horses wide to the outside and stiff won, coasting, by 2½ lengths. "That was the fastest eighth of a mile I ever saw," said Earle Avery, a veteran of over 50 years around harness tracks.

So far Dancer has not asked Albatross to go after Bret Hanover's world records, but races at the fast mile ovals in the Midwest are coming up, and Dancer occasionally wonders what might happen if the colt went all out.

"Sure, I'm curious," he says. "Off what he's done so far he's great—maybe supergreat. But right now I'm more interested in winning races than setting records. This is a business, you know."

END



A handsome colt, Albatross stands with trainer Dancer and syndicate partner James.

GOOD THINGS COME IN LARGE PACKAGES

A 205-pound prizefighter and a 304-pound weight lifter won gold medals for the U.S. as the Pan-American Games drew to a close by PAT PUTNAM

The same idea kept popping into Duane Bobick's head: "Here it is, maybe three or four years from now, and this ring announcer is holding up my hand and he's saying, '... and the new heavyweight champion of the world,' and then the announcer pauses, looks down at the front row, where my family is sitting, and adds, 'Except in Bowlus, Minnesota.'" Bobick, who became the heavyweight boxing champion of the Pan-American Games last week, chuckled. "Can you imagine that?" he said. "Me, the heavyweight champion, and right now I've got a father and two brothers at home who can clean my clock. And I've got eight more younger

brothers who are still growing. Heck, someday I might be the champ and not even ranked in the top 10 in my own home town."

This really tickled Bobick. Bowlus has a population of 270, a sizable percentage of them large, muscular male Bobicks who have spent a good deal of their lives belting each other in the mouth. "Now don't take that wrong," said Bobick. "We all love each other. I wouldn't trade any one of my brothers for all the money in the world. But we are, well, brothers, and I've seen some battles on the second floor when I thought the whole house was going to come down. Not when Ma is around, of course. When

she's there, it takes her about five seconds to send us scattering. She may be little, but she swings a mean broom. Besides, if we don't mind her, she'll tell Dad, and there ain't none of us who are going to mess with him."

Dad is Mathew Bobick, a 6-foot, 210-pound plasterer of Polish-German extraction who learned early that you can't raise 11 sons without an occasional show of force—say, four or five times a day. The eldest son is Leroy, a 22-year-old ex-marine, 6' 2", 255 pounds, and a promising heavyweight himself until an accident cut short his career. "He was big, but he was fast, with superfast hands," said Duane, at 20 the second oldest and an inch taller and 50 pounds lighter than Leroy. Then comes Rodney, 19, 6' 3", 236 and still growing. "Those are the two I can't lick," said Duane. "And Dad, of course." From there the brothers range down to Bobby, who is only 4 and still working on his left hook.

"We have sort of a game we play," Duane said. "One brother is named the dummy, like the king of the hill, and all the other brothers jump on him. We've



Battling Bobicks of Bowlus, Minn. include Mom (who wields a wicked broom), Dad (the undisputed champ) and 11 sons. Here Bobby, 4, connects.

had our battles. But you learn to defend yourself. You've got to. I can remember days at home when I didn't know if I was conscious or unconscious. I'd wake up the next morning hurting all over and wondering what the heck happened. I guess when you grow up like that, facing some of those guys in the Pan-American Games doesn't seem all that tough."

Not counting combat at home, Bobick came to Cali, Colombia with 54 wins in 63 fights and 32 knockouts. He had won his last 20 and was AAU, Navy, Interservice and World Military Games heavyweight champion. They told him that Wisley Zuleta, the thick-set Colombian he'd meet in his first fight, wasn't much, an easy three rounds. "To heck with that," said Bobick. "I knew when I climbed in that ring that there was no way I'd let that guy go all the way. Not with that danged crowd rooting for him."

Bobick planned to start slowly, but Zuleta came out throwing wild, wide bombs. Bobick went inside, both arms pumping, and with more than a minute left in the first round, Zuleta's corner tossed in the towel. "I was really beating the heck out of him," said Bobick with gusto.

The victory moved him to the semifinals, where his opponent was Teofilo Stevenson, a 6' 5" Cuban with tremendous reach and a dazzling jab. "I've got to pressure him every second, never let him rest," said Bobick. "If I don't slow him down, I'm in trouble. And that crowd, man, it's pro-Cuban all the way. The way some of the decisions have been going against us, I'm beginning to think those officials are listening to the crowd more than they are watching the fights."

For the first round the Cuban was what Bobick expected, what the crowd wanted. His left hand was a snake, and Bobick had trouble getting inside. It didn't help when he fired a right that landed on the Cuban's collarbone. Bobick felt something go between the last two knuckles. "I figured something broke," he said. "but, heck, pain is irrelevant when I'm in there. I don't feel anything and I don't hear anything. I come to fight no matter what. If I knew I could beat a guy easily by just throwing one jab each round I wouldn't do it. I'd still blaze in with both hands working."



continued

Duane Bobick added Pan-Am crown to AAU, Navy, Interservice and World Military titles.

Which is what he did against the Cuban, broken hand or not. By the second round Stevenson began to slow, and he was telegraphing the job. "He was tightening his fist just a little before he threw it," said Bobick. In the third round he twice came close to knocking the Cuban out. Each time, the referee ordered Bobick to move back. "He said I was butting, but I wasn't. I had my head down and I was working real good. He was ready to go. I don't blame the ref, it's hard to tell, and it came out all right, although I held my breath until they announced the decision."

The decision was 5-0, Bobick. The final, against Joaquin Rocha, a big, awkward Mexican who won the bronze medal in the 1968 Olympics, was a breeze. They stopped it in the third round with Rocha well-blooded and out on his feet. "The hard part about that fight," Bobick said, "was trying to remember not to hit him with the right hand. Every time I did, I'd think, 'Damn it, Duane, cut that out. That hurts.'"

After the fight, the gallant Rocha said,

"Bobick is very strong with a powerful punch. Soon he may be as good as George Foreman."

"That was nice of him," said Bobick. "I think I'd give Foreman a heck of a fight for three rounds."

Bobick's victory over Stevenson was a momentary blow to the Cubans, who came in with their most powerful team in Pan-Am history. In the five past games the Cubans had won a total of 24 gold medals and 118 overall. In the same period of time, the U.S. had won 482 golds and 942 medals in all. But while we were growing a bit blasé about it all, Fidel Castro was not. He transformed his island into one gigantic gymnasium, shipped his coaches to Russia for schooling and imported Russian and Polish coaches to teach the finer points of such recondite arts as fencing, weight lifting and the triple jump.

"Take weight lifting alone," said Oscar State, an Englishman who is an authority in that sport. "Today Cuba has 12,000 registered lifters. The U.S. has only 4,000, which is ridiculous. At least two Cuban weight-lifting coaches spent a year in Moscow learning Russian techniques. The Cubans have done the same thing in almost every sport. The results are obvious."

Painfully obvious. While some of our better athletes were home competing in summer leagues or working on their tons, the Cubans were in Cali whipping us in every team sport save water polo, women's basketball and field hockey, in which they didn't enter a team. The Cubans went home with 30 gold medals and 105 in total, which is a pretty good haul for an island of only 8½ million people.

"Maybe someday the American public will wake up," said Ron Fraser, the manager of the U.S. baseball team, which lost to Cuba and the Dominican Republic and wound up with a silver medal. "Baseball and basketball aren't ours anymore, they're international. Some of those Cuban baseball players have been together for six or seven years. It's an experienced Double A or Triple A team. And we come down here with 19-year-old college freshmen and sophomores who have been playing together only nine weeks, and when we lose, people say, 'Hey, what happened?' What happened is that we left a lot of our outstanding athletes back in the U.S., either because they couldn't afford to come or because they didn't want to."

Four years ago the U.S. won 120 gold medals, 225 overall. This time the totals were 105 and 218. "What can you expect?" said John Crosby, the 5'5", 125-pound gymnast who won two golds, five silvers and a bronze medal. "Sports used to be good for building the image of a country. But now I'm afraid it might be tearing ours down. It's just leading to more resentment toward us because we win so much. Look at boxing. Any time a U.S. fighter got beat, the people up in the stands had a ball. Colombia is supposed to be a pro-U.S. country, but you sure hear a lot of 'Cu-ba, Cu-ba.' We got jobbed in all the subjective sports, the ones where you depend upon arbitrary judges. In gymnastics you have a guy wavering between an 8.5 and a 9, and he sees it's the U.S., and he gives the 8.5. One Cuban fell coming off the horizontal bar, and the judges gave him a 9.1 out of 10. It was really unbelievable."

In Crosby's case the judging spurred him to greater efforts. "My motivation changed after the first day," he said. "After being jerked around by the judges, I just wanted to go out and mail those Cubans. It wasn't just competition anymore. It got pretty nasty. We were cursing and screaming at the judges. I came down just to perform well. But when I saw what was happening, well, first I got depressed, then I got vengeful. It ripped my values away from me. One thing, though. We had a tendency to blame the Cubans for what happened. But then we realized it was the judges, not them. After the first day we invited the Cubans to come over to our table to eat with us. They sort of shuffled over. They knew what was happening and were embarrassed. That helped smooth things over."

Ken Patena, the 304-pound super-heavyweight weight lifter from Minneapolis, had no such problems. "All I have to do," he said, "is have them slap a lot of pounds on each end of that bar and then I put it over my head. If nobody else comes close, I win. Them Cubans can have all the Russian coaches there are, but they still have to lift the weights themselves."

With the U.S. leading Cuba by only five points in the unofficial weight lifting team standings, it came down to the superheavies, Patena and 268-pound Fernando Bernal of Cuba. In the press, Bernal fouled, fouled again and finally



Gymnast John Crosby won eight medals.

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got 374 pounds over his head. "He's knee kicking," said Oscar State. "That's one of the Russian tricks. They have a lot of them."

Patera stayed backstage, ignoring Bernal's efforts. When the other supers were done, the 27-year-old ex-shotputter from Brigham Young casually strolled on stage, his 56-inch chest clad in a plain white T-shirt. When they had handed him his official team shirt, it was a size 42. "Let's start with 435 pounds," he said. It went up more like 135. He exited smiling. On his second try he upped his total to 473, laughed and passed on his third try.

Shaking his head, Bernal came out to snatch 319 pounds. Patera opened with 335½, then upped it to 374, another gold medal. Sighing, Bernal cleaned and jerked 418 pounds and stepped back to watch Patera open with 462.

"Up it to 501½," said Patera. The crowd gasped when the weight was announced. Only Russia's Vasily Alexeyev had ever gone over 500 in official competition. For the briefest instant it looked as though Patera was going to make it. He cleaned it all right, but when he jerked the great weight over his head, it toppled backward. On his second attempt he again got it aloft but again couldn't hold it.

"On that last one," he said, "I knew as soon as I jerked it I was too tired. But since I had it up on my chest, I figured I might as well try. But I had it too high. The bar was sitting on my jugular and cutting off my wind. I started to black out. There just wasn't enough oxygen in my body. But I know now it's only a matter of time before I get Alexeyev. Last year the only difference between me and him was that I couldn't afford his drug bill. Now I can. When I hit Munich next year I'll weigh in at about 340, maybe 350. Then we'll see which is better, his steroids or mine."

After Patera had picked up his four gold medals, one for each event and one for his amazing total of 1,309 pounds, the U.S. coaches rushed over to congratulate him. He shoed them away. "Coaches are like Russians, a bunch of meathheads," he said mildly. "The coaches here kept bugging me. 'Make sure you total. Make sure you total.' I told them to get off my back. They think too small. They're always thinking of totals that might win a state meet. I told them I'm not down



U.S. superheavyweight Ken Patera loses weight on attempt at 501½-pound clean and jerk.

here to beat some Cuban who lifts a 1,100 total. I have to think about the Russians, and that means around 1,430. That's why I never liked coaches. There's a definite communication gap between me and them. And I'm too hotheaded if someone else on a team makes a mistake and it costs me. I love the individuality of weight lifting."

Which is exactly the same reason Duane Bobick is a heavyweight boxer instead of a pitcher-outfielder or a forward or a tight end. In high school he was all-conference in all three sports, but he never felt at ease while relying on the abilities of others.

"What I like about boxing is that it's all up to you," he said. "If you win, you do it all right. But if you lose, it's no-

body's fault but your own. In team sports well, I don't like having someone's faults passed on down to me. And I'm not all that happy about sharing any glory. Everybody in this world has his own hat to row, and nobody should get by on the ability of somebody else."

With that he packed his gear and headed for Norfolk, Va., where he is a quartermaster in the Navy. Next month he'll be a member of the U.S. team that fights a Rumanian team at Lake Geneva, Wis. In October he'll defend his world military title in Rotterdam. After that it's the Olympic trials.

"And in between," he said, "I'll have to go home and fight Leroy and Rodney and any other brother that wants to take a shot at me."

END



THE ULTIMATE PREDATOR

At the end of a seemingly endless trail, divers catch up with the great white shark, the dread killer that often wears a wrinkled smile **by JAMES LIPSCOMB**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS S. ALLAN

For 20 minutes I waited inside the shark cage, staring until my eyes felt dusty, trying to catch any movement in the void surrounding me. I could see barely 30 feet through the seawater

in which I was suspended, and my face mask limited my angle of vision. No matter how I turned my head, there remained a world of water behind and above and below from which

a great white shark might come without notice.

For sure, great white sharks were somewhere in the murk beyond the dim limits of my eyes. While I could not see

continued

them, I knew that the sharks, blessed with acute senses, were aware that Peter Gimbel and I were hanging there in separate cages, waiting for them to come our way. Safely caged as we were, Peter and I might not interest such witless and independent creatures, but hopefully the chum line of fish flesh and guts put out by our support boat *Sasvi* would induce even the most indifferent shark to follow its nose up the bloody trail to us.

Now and again during the wait I turned my head toward Peter and was comforted each time to find him, camera in hand, still inside his cage. Peter and other divers of our party had discussed the possibility of swimming out of the cage among great whites, as they had done to photograph other man-eaters. Knowing that Peter has a penchant for that kind of risk taking, I felt an uneasy concern that our enterprise might end in grief.

A hindquarter of beef, a bait big enough to tempt any shark, hung in the water between Peter's cage and mine. There was no hook in this huge bait. We had not come to catch a great white shark. We had traveled 40,000 miles in a six-month search to this meeting off South Australia, hoping merely to see and photograph the beast.

For years Peter Gimbel had been

pointing to this encounter—engineering cages, developing underwater cameras and sound systems, studying sharks, photographing them, and finally bringing together the people and the Hollywood money to make the expedition possible. There is danger for a man when he closes in on a long-sought goal—a chance that in a last plunge to succeed he may lose too much.

Four great white sharks had come in during the day and attacked the baits we had put out. One of the sharks was such a monster that we speculated about its size. Clearly it was longer than our 14-foot dinghy, perhaps three feet longer. Its girth exceeded nine feet, and it weighed a ton or more. There are larger sharks, true. Basking and whale sharks are bigger, but they are cows of the sea, feeding on plankton and small creatures. The great white is a super carnivore, a scavenger and killer that has been involved in more confirmed attacks on men and boats than any other species. By virtue of its strength, speed, size and armament it rates without doubt as the world's most competent, cold-blooded hunter—the ultimate predator.

It is said that in any fair contest sharks are no match for porpoises. Generally speaking, this may be true but, to judge by what has been found in the stomachs of great white sharks, porpoises as

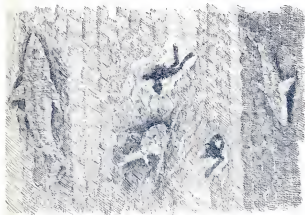
well as other sea mammals like seals are simply part of the diet.

An immature, 10-foot great white is adept at eating 40-pound turtles, shell and all, and has mouth enough to bite a man in half. A 15-footer caught off Florida was found to contain two whole sandbar sharks more than six feet long. In 1959 Gerald Lehrer, a California diver shellfishing in La Jolla cove, saw his friend Robert Pumperin, dimly in a cloud of blood, protruding from the mouth of a great white. Before Lehrer could act, the shark was gone. In July of 1916 one rogue of the species raided the New Jersey coast, killing four bathers and badly mauling another. When finally caught near Sandy Hook, it still had parts of at least one victim in its stomach. The great white killer of the Jersey coast was only 8½ feet long—a runt of the species, a mere child.

The great white is an erratic traveler the world around. It often shows up where it is not welcome, but if you want to find it, as we did, usually it is somewhere else.

For six months we had been making an unscribed documentary film about our diving adventures in the Indian Ocean. The thread tying the episodes together both in film and in fact turned out to be our continuing effort to find and photograph the great white. We had looked for it in promising areas from South Africa eastward to Ceylon. We had dived in the Seychelles and Comoro Islands, and off Madagascar and Mozambique. On Europa, a flyspeck between Madagascar and the African coast, we had dined with natives on barbecued goat; in Ceylon we had lain on hot sand at four a.m. while devil dancers evoked memories of man's ancient evils and fears. We had hatched rides on large green turtles; we had wandered over the tops of sea mounts rising from the abyss to within yards of the surface and had explored coral bastions such as scuba divers love but seldom ever see. In shallows, along drop-offs, and in open water, we had seen many sharks—perhaps a dozen species—but never a great white.

Finally the quest for the big shark had brought us to the eastern extreme of the Indian Ocean under the South Australian coast. We were anchored at 35 degrees south latitude in an area of the Great Australian Bight where place-names reflect the awe of early explorers. If we did not find the great



white here, off Cape Catastrophe in the lee of Dangerous Reef, well, it would be like climbing the first hard 24,000 feet of Everest to discover that its summit had disappeared.

I had joined the expedition partly because, as a sometime mountain climber, I am intrigued by the psychology of men who frisk with danger, and the leader of our expedition, 43-year-old Peter Gimbel, is motivated by what I have come to call mountain-climbing psychology. I quickly dismiss the trite definition, "death wish," for that is not what motivates Peter. In simplest terms it is the drive some men feel to test themselves in dangerous circumstances.

Peter has been tossing challenges at himself since the mid-'30s. For nine years he had worked successfully and intensely as a Wall Streeter. Then in 1957, realizing how little his career in the marketplace meant to him, he suddenly quit. Although he may deny it, danger attracts him. The *Andrea Doria* had hardly hit bottom in 1956 before Peter dived down 225 feet to photograph her. He parachuted into a wild part of the Peruvian Andes and spent 89 days and almost 50 of his 170 pounds walking out. Diving free and using a special diving chamber, he later went under Antarctic ice to photograph the life and hard times of the big Weddell seal.

It falls into a pattern. As a young man Peter boated. He now enjoys skiing, but never in the easy, float-down-the-mountain style of the average weekend. Stowe is his mountain, and the Staar his trail. I skied with him once and have no plans to do so again. During a hellish day on the slopes with Peter one is not allowed time off to nurse minor injuries, or even to eat lunch.

As a diver and photographer, Peter naturally became interested in sharks and decided in 1964 to make a film that would portray them in the open sea with naturalness and intimacy. The protective cages available in that day were suspended from surface craft and were not much good. Whenever the boat to which it was connected plunged up and down in rough seas, the cage below responded erratically, and the diver in it oftentimes was knocked about like a Gulliver in Brobdingnag land.

Peter designed a cage with built-in buoyancy. By flooding and purging ballast tanks, the diver could make his cage rise, sink or hover. When the

diver was busy, the cage could be put on automatic controls, whereby the pressure of the surrounding water would keep it at a prescribed depth. With his superior cage Peter made an excellent short film about the blue shark, a marauder and suspected killer that is common and very unpopular in the Atlantic off Long Island.

In the making of this film, Peter was soon bored photographing blue sharks from the protection of a cage. He swam out to take closeups, to get detail of the teeth and the wink of the catlike eye, but the best footage of his blue shark film was taken by another photographer when a pair of insolent blues made asses of Peter's legs. Peter maintains he was safe as long as he kept his camera between himself and their teeth. Perhaps so, but it occurs to me that sooner or later this theory might be chewed apart if two sharks came at him from opposite directions at the same time.

Predictably, Peter's interest shifted from the blue to the great white—the ultimate goal, certainly, for any shark photographer. Three other fine divers joined him in the quest: Sean Waterman, a wandering American diver and lecturer; and Ron and Valerie Taylor, an Australian couple who have won local and international honors both with spear gun and camera. The Taylors have diving friends who have been attacked and badly bitten by great whites, and Ron has developed a curious attraction-repulsion for the species.

Our pursuit of the great white began off Durban, South Africa, where we followed ships of the Union Whaling Company. When the whalers make a kill in a traveling gam of whales, they inflate the carcass with air to keep it afloat. After buoying the carcass with a radio beacon and a light, they go on their way, chasing the gam in hopes of another kill. At night the whalers retrace their steps, as it were, to pick up the dead whales and tow them to the factory ashore.

Before the whalers can get back to them, the floating carcasses often are attacked by sharks. We spent seven weeks tied alongside dead whales to photograph whatever happened. In that time hundreds of sharks—dusky, tigers, great blues and oceanic whitetips—came in to feed. We saw many sharks of good size, up to a thousand pounds, but never a great white.

On our last two dives around dead whales, at Peter's suggestion he and Sean Waterman and the Taylors swam out among the sharks. Peter has another theory about the attack pattern of oceanic sharks. Many observers have remarked that sharks first circle a possible victim, then come in to hit it with their noses. No one knows what triggers a shark to stop circling and come in to deliver the blow. Gimbel theorizes that the action is nature's calculated way of keeping sharks out of trouble. He thinks that the nose blow is a test to find out how much fight is left in the intended victim, hence a swimmer should show his strength and return the shark's blow as vigorously as possible. There, off Durban, with whale blood flowing in clouds and scores of sharks feeding in a frenzy, the divers set out to test Peter's theory. As soon as the divers left the cages 50 feet below the whale carcass, the sharks immediately deserted their main course and swam downward to investigate.

The divers beat off the advancing sharks with metal billies. More than a hundred sharks had a chance to attack the divers during the 30 hours they spent underwater. Valerie Taylor hit back at so many she developed a variation of tennis elbow previously unreported in the annals of medicine. Yet no one was bitten, which is interesting evidence in support of Peter's theory but hardly proof. Among the dead whales off Durban we may not have met the particular species of shark or the oddball percentage of all sharks which bite without bumping.

Many miles and months later, lying off Australia's Dangerous Reef, we still hoped to meet the great white, a killer of record so rarely seen that its particular mode of bumping or biting was still anybody's guess.

After I had hung in my cage for 20 or 30 minutes waiting for a great white, my patience had turned into anxiety. The gauge on my scuba tank showed 900 pounds, enough air for 15 minutes safely. Then I would have to leave the cage and, with our departure from Australia set, lose the chance of seeing the big shark.

As I worried over the prospect, the great white appeared. I saw it first as a slightly grayer green in the water, then as two black eyes coming toward me, then as a body taking shape and finally, emerging from the murk, as a clownish

continued

pointed nose with turned-up wrinkles under it and a mouth that seemed to smile. And, my God, the teeth.

Most sharks swim with mouth closed or almost so. Even when the mouth is open, the teeth are partly hidden in fleshy gums, seemingly withdrawn like a cat's claws. But the great white's jaws hang agape, and its saw-edged teeth, triangular and bright white, stand up proudly for all the world to see and fear.

The great white approaching my cage did not bother to circle or to bump with its nose before biting. Swimming with sure, slow and perfect grace, it came straight for the cage, took an eight-inch aluminum float chamber in its mouth and "tasted" it. A tooth broke off and fluttered down like an autumn leaf. No wonder sharks need so many layers of teeth; they are indiscriminate about what they bite.

I remember a ranger in Yellowstone Park telling me that the grizzly that had torn up our campsite had not meant to destroy. "It's just a bear's way of touching. They don't have hands, so they feel with their mouths. They're just not very delicate about it." The great white seemed to be sampling the cage in the manner of a grizzly. To judge by the damage done to the float chamber, the gentle mouthing of this shark would be enough to take the arm off a man.

I turned my head to check on Peter. He had made no move to leave his cage. The great white turned away with a moment of awkwardness as its pectoral fin brushed my cage. I reached out to touch it. Other sharks I have touched had skin as tough and cutting as sandpaper (downed airmen in World War II were advised to keep shoes and pants on to avoid being cut by sharks brushing past). By contrast, the skin of this great white felt soft and leathery smooth. Like most sharks, the great white is milk-white underneath, but according to the books its sides and back vary from gray and brown to blue-black.

Until it turned aside, I had not known the beast's sex, but the male shark is easily distinguished by two projections on its underside called claspers. On this great white the claspers looked about the length and triple the girth of a policeman's nightstick.

The shark was so close it seemed to take longer perhaps than it actually did to pass my cage. I had time to look, hesitate and then reach out and grasp a clas-

per. It was like trying to slow a tank, but I did have the sordid satisfaction of knowing that for one brief instant I had held a ton or more of shark by one of its claspers. The shark didn't appear to notice. It slid on past my cage, displaying a muscular flank and, in finale, a handsome, crescent-shaped tail.

At this moment someone aboard our support boat *Santa* poured blood into the water ahead of the shark. The shark pushed its nose into the cloud. I have heard and read how sharks are attracted and excited by blood, and now I believe it all. The great white entered the blood and seemed to stop, to hover. Then it thrashed. As its head came out of the cloud, its jaws snapped. When great whites were attracted to our boat earlier that day, from on deck I had noticed they bit the first thing they found after passing through blood. They had attacked the cages, the propeller of our outboard, the *Santa's* propeller and rudder, as well as microphone wires, mooring lines and stainless-steel chum buckets.

The great white emerged from the blood and turned toward the beef bait. Its jaw opened wide, the upper lip raised as if in a snarl. Its black eyes rolled back as it clamped down on the beef. Then the shark seemed to pause as if its small brain were considering the worth of the beef. Its brain apparently satisfied, the shark clamped harder, then slowly threw its head from side to side. As it did so, the serrated edges of its teeth cut easily through meat and bone like a butcher's saw. Watching the beast, I remembered the pictures of Rodney Fox's back. A champion diver, Rodney had joined our expedition in Australia. Five years before, he had been bitten by a great white. I had seen pictures of the wound taken as he lay on the operating table. The shark had come in while Rodney's left arm was extended above his head. The teeth gripped in a crescent, cutting from the middle of his arm across the shoulder and chest to the bottom of his rib cage. The picture showed the neat, surgical slit made by each tooth on his back.

Seeing the shark tearing the bait now, and remembering the picture, I realized that Rodney's great white must not have given him a shake. If it had, the slits cut by individual teeth would have been joined and half his chest pulled away. The shark may have been put off by the

taste or smell of the neoprene diving suit Rodney wore. It may have been deterred because Rodney was trying to gouge its eyes with his free arm. Whatever the reason, the shark dropped Rodney momentarily. When it returned to the attack, it swallowed a fish float he was trailing, giving Rodney time to climb into a waiting boat. Even so, Rodney nearly died. The great white's cursory bite broke three ribs, punctured a lung, tore his rib cage loose and mangled a hand and wrist. Lucky Rodney.

My shark turned toward the cage again. A great glob of mangled beef and bone hung half out of its mouth. The shark released the bait and opened its mouth wide and still wider. The whole jaw extended forward and out, seemingly disjointed like a snake's. The bait, all 30 or 40 pounds of it, hung between the jaws, framed for an instant; then it disappeared as though into a giant vacuum cleaner.

The great white skulked past my cage again, seeming to keep its black eye on me all the while. From beneath the cage another great white rose behind the first. Suddenly the first monster reacted. With three fast flicks of its tail the big one was gone. Apparently great whites do not like others of their kind in an attacking position behind and below.

I turned to look at Gambel. Whatever this meant to me, it had to mean more to him. The door of his cage stood open. Peter hung in the door with his hand on the bars. He seemed on the verge of swimming out. I had been fearful of this moment long before we reached Australia. Before I left New York City, Peter had given me a copy of a surprising document—detailed advice to his lawyer of the way he would like his burial conducted. His imagination was apparently working over all the ragged possibilities.

Peter hung half out of his cage, watching as the second great white approached. When Peter stepped back, his scuba tank caught on the door, snagging him outside. The shark swam right for him. Peter gave a violent jerk at his tank. The strap broke loose, and he shrank back into the cage. The shark passed where Peter's head had been and bit the cage.

The final decision about swimming with the whites came just a few minutes after Peter and I returned to the surface. The other divers were preparing cameras and tanks for one last dive. Ron Taylor said, "You know, Peter,

continued

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I think if we could be reasonably sure we were facing only one at a time, we could swim with those fellows."

The slightest smile touched the corner of Ron's mouth, a kind of suppressed smile you see on a small boy's face when he dares a buddy to walk a log across a stream. The question was not phrased as a challenge, but the smile tipped it off.

On this expedition Peter Gimbel had always been the first to suggest a dangerous move. Now, with the stakes higher than they had ever been before, Ron had upped the ante. Silence followed, and I glanced at Stan Waterman. Thin lips and a set smile told me where he stood. He had less experience with sharks than Peter and Ron, but he had joined them outside the cages off Durban. He would argue against going out now, but if the others left the cages Stan would go with them.

Finally Peter looked up at Ron, steadily and long, and said, "I think we could, too." Then, very low, almost apologetically, he added, "I'd do it. I'd go out, but I don't think it would do anything for the film."

I felt like laughing. In two years of working and planning for this expedition I had come to respect Peter's ability and taste, but always there remained the nagging question whether somewhere in him there was a twist of madness. In the final test he came up sane. We were done. No one had been hurt. We had not pushed ourselves till tragedy set the limit.

Later that night when the *Sauv* docked at Port Lincoln, Peter said, "What in the world made us risk so much of ourselves on luck? Think if we had never seen it." If the success of the film had depended on Peter Gimbel swimming with great whites, I know he would have done it. It was a commitment he may never have intended to make, but his long pursuit of the goal had made the commitment for him.

Three weeks later Peter and I were walking up Fifth Avenue in New York. In the slightly embarrassed way he acts when doing anything nice, he had just given me a larger share in any eventual profits of the film and also a bottle of champagne to celebrate.

"It's been a great success," I said.

"It's about time," he replied. "I had nine years of failure. I was due, way overdue."

END

Classic French Cooking

by Craig Claiborne and Pierre Franey

Craig Claiborne is the widely-read food editor of *The New York Times* and Pierre Franey was formerly executive chef of New York's most renowned restaurant, Le Pavillon.

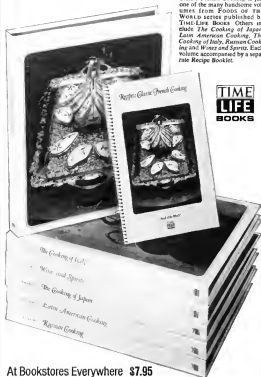
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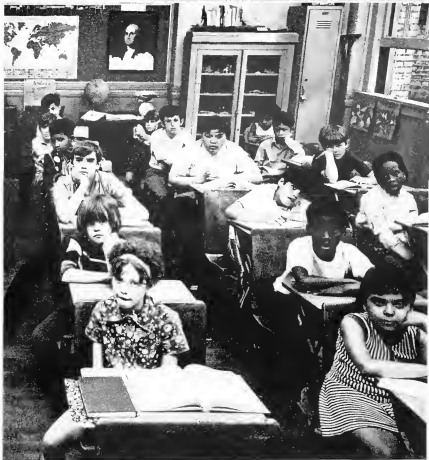
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Not long ago Herman Herst Jr., who may be the world's leading enthusiast of the hobby of stamp collecting, discovered that Dr. Irving Kester, an entomologist who specializes in stamps with insects on them, had the 1939 U.S. baseball issue in his collection.

"What does this stamp have to do with insects?" asked Herst.

"Look at it," said Dr. Kester.

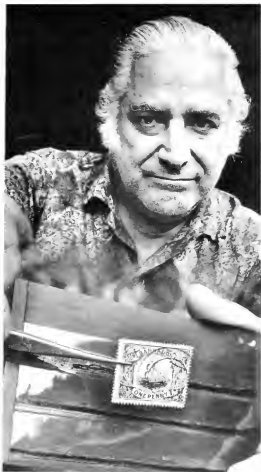
Herst peered at the stamp through a magnifying glass and said, "All I see is a guy ready to catch a fly."

"You've got it!" exclaimed the doctor.

At this point a less understanding and dedicated man might have turned to collecting entomologists, but Herst, the author of *Stories to Collect Stamps* and other works, was enthralled. Plunging ahead in search of further funnies, he found in the doctor's collection a copy of the 1945 Turkish stamp showing the battleship *Missouri*. When Herst asked (hopefully) what relation that stamp had to insects, the doctor replied, "She's in the mothball fleet."

It takes no more than this to put Herst in heaven. Seven days a week, every day of the year, Herst looks at stamps, writes about stamps, talks about stamps and even dreams about stamps. "In color," he says. To Herst, no hobby, sport or pastime can compare with philately. There is, he says, the thrill of the chase after an elusive stamp, to say nothing of the absolute joy of unexpected discovery. Just looking at stamps can give Herst a sense of pure esthetic bliss. Furthermore, there are the friendships to be found in philately, "friendships that transcend race, religion and nationality," says Herst, a gregarious sort who has been to Europe 40 times in search of stamps.

Then there is the knowledge to be acquired from stamps. Herst's mind is stuffed full of information, 99% of it gleaned from studying stamps. He can talk at length about the membership of the Confederate cabinet (the Confederate post office made such a profit that



ABSOLUTELY STUCK ON STAMPS

For Herman Herst Jr., whose tweezers clasp the famous Barbados 'olive blossom,' there is no hobby, sport or pastime in the world that can compare with philately

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

after the Civil War the North tried to get the postmaster general to take the job in Washington), dwell on the history of whaling or the settlement of South Africa. Mention sports, and Herst is off on a gallop about Ira Seebacher's collection of sports on stamps, pausing to throw out the fact that the former British Colony of St. Kitts-Nevis in the West Indies once issued a set of stamps to raise money for a cricket field or that the Bahama Islands not only issued stamps with game fish on them but used a postmark of a hooked sailfish. He will tell how Fred Mandell sold the Detroit Lions so he could go into the stamp business in Honolulu or recount how a bunch of kids once made hockey pucks out of bundled sheets of the very rare Providence postmaster's provisional of 1846.

Continuing in the sporting vein, Herst is fond of relating a race-track incident that took place in Havana in 1940 when the American Air Mail Society held its convention there. The collectors just wanted to stand around the hotel lobby talking about stamps, and they were dismayed to learn that their Cuban hosts had scheduled an afternoon at the track. When a couple of collectors suggested no one would be interested in going to the races, the Cubans said, "They'll be interested in this." Out of politeness the collectors went to the track and picked up a list of the entries. To their astonishment, there was a horse named Stanley Gibbons running in the first race and Stanley Gibbons was the name of a well-known British stamp dealer. The horse was an improbable long shot, but the collectors bet him on the hunch. Stanley Gibbons won. The collectors looked at the second race entries. There was another long shot named Perforation. They bet; Perforation won. So it went through the rest of the card. In every race there was a long shot with a philatelic name that paid off handsomely.

"No one in the stands except the philatelists realized what was happening," Herst says. "The American Air Mail Society convention was one of the few

stamp meetings from which attendants were privileged to go home with more money than they had come with." The Cuban government, which apparently had arranged the whole deal to make the Americans happy, was so pleased that it surcharged a stamp commemorating the convention.

Now 62 years old, Herst has been a stamp dealer and auctioneer since 1936. His slogan is, "If it's U.S.A., see Herst first." His home and office are in Shrub Oak, N.Y., and outside the driveway is an enormous painting of a postage stamp. The stamp is Barbados, Scott's Catalog No. 109, the so-called "olive blossom" because it was issued in three colors. The stamp intrigued Herst as a boy, and he has adopted it as his trademark, painting out Barbados and substituting Herst.

Herst ordinarily arises at 8 and puts in a full day exuberantly examining stamps, cataloging lots for sale at auction (he has sold more than \$10 million in stamps at auction since 1936) and trotting to a bank vault in Peekskill to examine his philatelic treasures. The workday ends at midnight, but around 4 in the afternoon Herst takes a break. He pours himself a small nip and relaxes by talking about stamps or writing letters about stamps to friends and acquaintances at home or abroad. Every day Herst dispatches 50 to 100 letters to philatelic pen pals, and it does not bother him that many of his correspondents haven't bought a stamp from him in years. "I just love it," Herst says. Indeed, one need not write a letter to Herst to get a letter. A recent visitor was astounded to get four letters in one week. "Thought you'd be interested," Herst explained.

Herst has such a compulsion to write that when he goes off on a trip with his wife Ida, he pecks away at a typewriter on his lap in the front seat of the car while she drives. Besides *Stories to Collect Stamps By*, he has written a couple of other books, *Nassau Street and Fun and Profit in Stamp Collecting*, and co-au-

thored the scholarly *Nineteenth Century U.S. Fancy Cancellations and The A.M.G. Stamps of Germany*. Several times a year he writes and publishes his own periodical, *Herst's Outbursts*, copies of which are sent gratis to anyone sending in six stamped self-addressed envelopes. So far, more than 6,000 people have written in to subscribe, and recent issues include a photograph of Herst kissing the Blarney Stone on a trip to Ireland and a long piece on the infamous Jean Sperati of Paris, "one of the most dangerous stamp counterfeiters ever to wield stamp tongs." Sperati, Herst told his readers, was a genius who even made his own paper, duplicating that of original stamps. Fortunately, Sperati's American counterfeiters were few, limited mostly to Confederate stamps, and, although the counterfeiters were superbly done, Sperati tripped himself up by using the faked postmark of Middlebury, Vt.

Above and beyond writing his own magazine and books, Herst serves as an untiring correspondent for any number of philatelic publications. Last February he and Ida took a two-week vacation in the Bahamas and, as Herst reported to readers of the 1971 spring issue of *Herst's Outbursts*, "Aside from the fishing, swimming and just relaxing, we spent the time producing this issue of *Outbursts*; 14 of our weekly columns for *Mekel's Weekly Stamp News*; 16 of our monthly columns on 'Stamps for Hobbyists'; feature articles for *Western Stamp Collector*; a series of articles for *First Days*; two articles for *Philatelic Magazine* of London and one for *Stamp News* of Australia, for each of which we are American correspondents."

Philatelically, Herst has received honor or after honor. He is one of only five persons to receive the gold medal of the New Haven Philatelic Society, and in 1961 he won the John A. Luff Award of the American Philatelic Society, the most coveted in the country, for his exceptional contributions to stamp collecting. Herst himself is not only a member of the APS but one of its five ac-

continued

A HERST SAMPLER OF THE WORLD'S SPORTING STAMPS



credited experts qualified to pass on U.S. stamps submitted for authenticity. He was the stamp consultant for the radio program *The Answer Man*. He is a member of the American Stamp Dealers Association, the Oklahoma Philatelic Society, the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada, the British Philatelic Association, the Texas Philatelic Association and five dozen other stamp organizations. He is a founder-member of the Cardinal Spellman Philatelic Museum, and he was once pleased to hear the late prelate remark that it was easy to be a cardinal but difficult to be a philatelist.

Stamps aside, Herst is a rabid joiner and do-gooder. "I'm everything!" he exults. "I'm a Kiwanian, a 32nd degree Mason, a Shriner! I'm in the Baker Street Irregulars where I've been invested as Colonel Ensworth, V.C." Herst is also a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Manuscript Society, the American Feline Society (he feeds stray cats), the Bancroft Library of the University of California and various other organizations, including the Boy Scouts, for whom he is a merit badge examiner in stamp collecting. "I just can't say no," Herst says of his multitudinous memberships.

When it comes to memberships or honors, he is rivaled only by his dog Alfie, a gigantic German shepherd. Alfie is mascot of the destroyer *Alfred*, an honorary citizen of West Germany, an honorary postman of the Italian post office and recipient of a commendation promulgated by the German Shepherd Squad of Scotland Yard. Alfie's honors have come about through the efforts of his energetic master. Back in the 1950s Herst discovered that federal law permits private carriers to issue "local" stamps in delivering mail to and from post offices that do not offer home delivery or pickup. Herst issued his own Shrub Oak local stamp, and in 1967 he put Alfie on a second issue. The stamp shows Alfie carrying a letter in his mouth.

Herst's discovery of the local loophole in federal law has prompted several persons elsewhere to print their own stamps. A narrow-gauge railroad huff on Long Island issued a triangular stamp for local mail on his midjet line, but the Federal Government confiscated his stamps and suppressed the mini-service because he had put the prohibited words "United

States" on the stamp. Similarly, federal authorities seized the local stamps used for delivery to Rattlesnake Island in Lake Erie because they were "in similitude" to government issue. In Walpole, Mass., the members of the "906 Stamp Club," all inmates of the Massachusetts Correctional Institution, operate a local post carrying letters from cells to the prison post office. Requests to have the route extended have been denied, says Herst, who is a patron of the prisoners and goes there once a year to speak and judge the inmate stamp show.

In the course of a year Herst gives 30 to 40 speeches before all sorts of groups. "I am the most in-demand speaker in philately," Herst says. "That's because I don't charge."

Before a stand audience of stamp collectors, Herst is fond of posing as a collector of tea tags. With a straight face, he solemnly talks about the pleasures of collecting tea tags, especially from unusual varieties of tea bags. Using philatelic jargon, Herst will hold up a tea bag and say, "This is the double string variety. Note the misprint, 'too-tones.'" If the audience is receptive he will go on about tea bags all night. Several years ago Herst was paying a hotel bill in Portland, Ore. when a woman in front of him dropped her purse and the contents spilled all over the floor. "I'm terribly embarrassed," she said to Herst. "You must think I'm crazy, but I collect tea bags," Herst shouted. "So do I!"

A self-confessed screwball, Herst comes by his quirks naturally. His father was a somber lawyer who died when Herst was 4, but his mother was an individualist. A concert violinist, she played in an all-girl band that John Philip Sousa once organized and served as Lillian Russell's accompanist. During World War II she was founder, president and sole member of IRCED, otherwise known as the Issue Ration Cards for Dogs society, and as such was the author of innumerable letters to the editor of *The New York Times*. Whenever Mrs. Herst was accosted by a panhandler, she would not give him a dime but would invite him home for chicken noodle soup.

Herst, who has been known from childhood as Pat because he was born on March 17, began collecting stamps

when he was 8 and early on developed affinities for certain stamps and countries. He started collecting the Barbados "olive blossom"; the very name Straits Settlements smacked of romance to him; and he developed a deep love for Nepal. "Nepal is one of *my* countries," he will confide to a fellow collector.

When not engrossed in stamps, Herst was an unruly youngster. Once a cop collared him for stealing apples from a grocery store and Mrs. Herst exclaimed, "Really? And I can't even get him to eat fruit!" At the age of 12 Herst was shipped off to Portland, Ore. to live with an aunt. He attended high school in Portland and then went to Reed College, where he was graduated in 1931. He got a job as a reporter on the *Morning Oregonian* but, as he wrote in *Nassau Street*, his autobiography, "the increasing shadows of Depression fell across the lumber capital of the nation, and unfortunately I found my services dispensed with. I was given a letter to *The New York Times* calling attention to my abilities." Bouncing east on freights, Herst duly presented himself to the editors of the *Times*. He worked there briefly selling classified advertising and then moved to the Newark *Star Ledger*. But two days in Newark introduced Herst to two facts of life he had not previously encountered, first, commuting from New York to Newark was "a somewhat reverse form of existence," and second, "people in Newark in 1932 did not believe in classified advertising."

Taking another job, Herst labored for two weeks like a busy elf, cutting imitation leather into fancy letters for theater mirquees. Unfortunately, his rate of production slowed noticeably after using a razor-sharp knife to cut the letters "G" and "S," and he left joyfully with bandaged fingers for a position in a Wall Street firm, Lebeenthal and Company, dealers in municipal bonds.

Paid only \$12 a week, Herst was not long in supplementing his income (and that of his fellow workers at Lebeenthal's) by forming a syndicate to buy up stamps and sell them at a profit to dealers on nearby Nassau Street. Talk around the office dealt less with bonds and more with stamps, and the head of the firm decreed that there was to be no more mention of stamps. Herst, falling back on what sociologists call collective repre-

sentation, said, "Let's call them worms," and the Worm Syndicate at Lebeenthal's continued to do business. Given an hour for lunch, Herst spent four minutes wolfing down orange juice, coffee and a doughnut and the remaining 56 minutes discussing the finer points of philately with dealers and collectors. At Lebeenthal's Herst worked furiously because he believed in giving value for money received ("When Pat works," says Ida, "things fly in all directions"), and he was promoted to cashier. Despite an assured future on the Street, Herst quit in 1935 to become a stamp dealer.

From the start, he loved being in stamps full time, and the saddest part of each day came when he had to lock the door to his office at 116 Nassau Street, an ancient, narrow thoroughfare as rich in characters as a Moroccan souk. To begin with, there were the "satcheleers," little men, mostly East European Jews, who, with no overhead and no capital except their wits, made the rounds of dealers and collectors, toting stamps in voluminous satchels on speculation and consignment. Adhering to their cultural milieu, they spoke a rich patois that has surcharged stamp collecting with soul-felt Yiddish expressions. For Herst, deskbound, serving collectors during the day, the satcheleers were as necessary as bees to a flower, since they polluted philatelically all over town.

Satcheleers still exist in stamps, and although Herst now lives 45 miles out of New York City he lets them know in advance when he is about to visit the metropolis so they may open their satchels and spread their wares before his eyes. For several years, Herst has been making notes on the satcheleer subculture, and he is particularly taken by the exploits of one known as Morris ("I wouldn't kill a fly") Coca-Cola, a diminutive Russian who wore oversized secondhand coats that cascaded off his birdlike shoulders and gathered in rich drapery around his unkles.

In Herst's first heady days on Nassau Street satcheleers were not the only characters. At 90 Nassau Street lurked the Burger brothers, Gus and Arthur, elderly Germans who moved into the building in 1886 and hadn't dusted a thing since. Their premises were awash with all sorts of papers and stamps, many of them rarities, including discoveries

continued



made by the brothers themselves when they bicycled through the South in the 1890s looking up Confederate veterans with "old letters." The building that housed the Burgers was equally ancient. Five stories high, it had no elevator, and the rest rooms were marked "For Males" and "For Females."

Despite the Victorian clutter around them, the Burgers knew the exact location of every stamp, and when they had finally fetched forth, amid clouds of dust and cobwebs, a superb sheet-corner margin copy of, say, the U.S. 3¢ 1851 (*Scott* No. 11), their price was outrageous. Arthur would say to Gus, "What should we ask for this?" Gus would answer, "Twenty dollars." Arthur would then tell the collector, in earshot all the while, "Just what I was thinking. Forty dollars."

In Herst's time, outfoxing the brothers, dubbed the Burglers, became a sport for experts. Anyone who outwitted them was elected to the Fox Club, which made its headquarters in the office of Percy Doane, an auctioneer. "The rules were simple," Herst says. "One had to visit the offices of the Burger brothers, buy a stamp from them at retail and then put it in one of Doane's auctions. If the buyer netted a profit on the deal after paying Doane the commission, he was in. But simple as the rules were, the attainment of membership was fraught with certain difficulties. In the first place, the stamp would have to be bought sufficiently below its value to permit a profit when sold at auction. Since the Burgers were usually anticipatory in their prices, asking a figure at which an item might be expected to sell 10 years hence, this made a profitable sale more than unlikely. The only way would be by finding the Burgers uninformed on the true value of something—and these Joves hardly ever nodded."

One character Herst knew well, Y. Souren, was out of a Peter Lorre-Sydney Greenstreet movie. Souren, whose real name was Souren Yohannasim, was a Georgian who had fled Russia during the revolution with a \$100,000 collection of clocks hidden under the bay in a donkey cart. In the late 1930s Souren occupied a fancy office on Park Avenue, and visitors were admitted only after scrutiny, as though suspected members of a spy ring. He kept a private dossier on stamp dealers, collectors and those stamps that had passed through

his hands. He had X-ray machines, ultraviolet apparatus and cameras at hand, and he was fond of bringing forth, with appreciative Near Eastern chuckles, photographs of what Herst describes as "unquestionably the same item, perhaps with a straight edge [of a stamp] reperforated [to make it more valuable], a fancy cancel added or other stamps added to the cover." Souren also had photographs of ads by stamp dealers offering items that were misleading. "Comes in handy whenever I want something from someone who doesn't want to cooperate," Souren told Herst.

Years ahead of the FBI, Souren had a camera hidden in the ceiling of his front door. "He was always afraid of being robbed," Herst recalls in *Nassau Street*, "and with good reason, for in his heyday it is doubtful whether any premises short of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and the stamp vaults in Washington held a more valuable accumulation of stamps. He showed me photographs of every person who had passed through that door in recent days. I saw my photograph several times."

With Herst, Souren unveiled his treasures, including his gem of gems, a block of the U.S. 24¢ 1869 inverted center, which went with him everywhere. Souren had the block mounted between glass panels in a small holder that he secreted in a special coat pocket. "Several times over a sandwich or a meal he would take it out and admire it," Herst says.

Always a keen student of stamps as well as a collector, Herst was not long in putting his knowledge to profit. While examining some minor purchases one day, he happened to notice that a copy of the U.S. 30¢ 1869 looked a bit odd. The flags were on top of the stamp instead of the bottom. It was a rare error, *Scott* No. 121b, which then cataloged at \$4,500. Herst had paid \$3 for it, and he sold it for \$3,300. He bought a car and steamship tickets for himself and his mother for a trip to Europe, where he made several coups. In London, Herst learned the Coronation issue of Southern Rhodesia had suddenly become scarce because it was withdrawn from sale. The set had a face value of about 30¢, but a British dealer offered Herst \$4.03 for a set. Herst called New York, where the set was selling for only 40¢, and asked a dealer to ship as many sets as possible. Herst wound up selling some for \$5 each. In Paris, Herst made a find at

one of the bookstalls along the Seine, an old album containing at least 500 copies of the U.S. 50¢ Omaha, *Scott* No. 291. He bought the collection for \$20 and within six weeks had disposed of all the stamps for almost \$1,000.

Back home on Nassau Street, Herst also prospered. On Pearl Harbor Day he reacted with philatelic foresight. The minute he heard news of the attack, he addressed five envelopes to fictitious addresses in Tokyo. When Germany declared war on the U.S., Herst sent five envelopes to fictitious addresses in Berlin. Eighteen months later all the envelopes came back to Herst with a series of unusual postmarks and censor stamps, and they have been in his World War II collection ever since.

Over age for service, Herst talked about stamps to wounded veterans at hospitals. He believes stamps are excellent therapy. He also asked any servicemen he knew to remember him wherever they went. Most did, and Herst now has the first letter mailed by the Marines from Guadalcanal, a collection of stamps used for espionage purposes, copies of Hitler's personal mail and the only propaganda leaflets dropped on the Japanese on Koska and Attu.

"I don't collect the convention all things," says Herst. "Philately has no limits. There's nothing in life that philately doesn't cross." To prove his point, Herst once made a bet with a collector that he, Herst, could start a specialist collection that would win a prize at a major stamp show, and that he would assemble the collection at a total cost of less than \$5. Herst won the bet with a collection of wanted notices sent out on postcards by sheriffs in the 1870s and 1880s. "In those days, mail service was faster than criminals," says Herst, who has scant regard for the present U.S. postal system.

In 1946 Herst moved from Nassau Street to Shrub Oak. "I had to get away," he says. "I couldn't get any work done. My office had become a lounge. There were all sorts of people there. One guy and his wife wanted to spend their honeymoon there."

In Shrub Oak the bane of Herst's existence is getting common stamps from people who send in a "rarity." Herst will run to his stock, pick out a copy and send both back with the reply, "Now you have two of them!" He is often called in by estates to appraise collec-

tions, and from time to time genuine rarities do come his way. A 10-year-old boy in New Brunswick, N.J., discovered a copy of the 5¢ Kenya stamp showing Owen Falls Dam with Queen Elizabeth upside down. Herst acted as agent for the youngster and sold the stamp, the only copy known, to the Maharajah of Bahawalpur for \$10,000. The money was set aside for the boy's education.

When Herst pays a bill he often mails out a mimeographed sheet headed, "My hobby is philately" in which he notes that stamp collecting can not only be fun but a profitable hobby if one collects intelligently. In Herst's opinion, too many neophytes and collectors buy foolishly. "Age does not make value" is one of Herst's favorite sayings. Other Herst commandments are, "Cheap stamps never become rare," "Condition is a factor only in relation to value," "Demand is a more important factor than supply," "Beware of pitfalls that trap the unwary" and "There is no substitute for knowledge."

Herst is the first to admit he doesn't know absolutely everything about everything philatelic. Several years ago in one of his auctions he offered a cover (the collecting term used for an envelope) postmarked Harrisburgh, Alaska. A collector in Chicago called up and told Herst that he wanted to bid \$400 for it. Flabbergasted, Herst asked why, and the collector said, "Harrisburgh is the original name for Juneau. When Alaskans chose the name Harrisburgh, post office officials in Washington said they already had enough Harrisburghs and to change the name. This is the only cover I know postmarked Harrisburgh," Herst says. "The collector got the cover for \$40 and he was overjoyed. You treat collectors fairly, and you'll never lose."

A couple of months ago Herst was in Albany, N.Y., to judge the show put on by the Fort Orange Stamp Club. As he walked by the exhibit panels his enthusiasm appeared to flag. Was Herman Herst Jr. beginning to falter? Then he came upon a display of the intricate and seemingly boring regular U.S. issues of 1908 and 1921. "Ah," said an acquaintance, "don't bother with those." Herst stopped short. "Don't say that," he said. "They're exciting." Peering closely at them, he scribbled a high mark on his scorecard and said, "I can talk to these stamps—and they answer."

END



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UNBEATEN PITCHER TOM DUGAN DRIVES ACADEMY BUS WHEN HE AND OUTFIELDER MINNIE MIROSO AREN'T DRIVING OPPOSITION WILD

School's in: watch out for baseball players

One year ago, on a flat 121-acre plot of sandy soil just southeast of Sarasota, Fla., the doors were opened to something called the Kansas City Royals Baseball Academy. Built at a cost of \$1½ million by Ewing Kauffman, owner of the big-league Royals, the academy was supposed to take young athletes not versed in baseball but otherwise extremely gifted and send them on their way to the majors. Not since Bill Veeck signed a midjet had baseball produced such a laugh.

Well, who's laughing now? At the end of last week the best record in all of professional baseball—a staggering .813 winning percentage—had been hammered out by the first graduating class of Kauffman's academy, whose young, overlooked misfits were making a farce out of the Gulf Coast rookie league, a federation otherwise composed of the top draft choices of the Minnesota Twins, Pittsburgh Pirates, St. Louis Cardinals, Cincinnati Reds, Chicago White Sox and Cleveland Indians.

The Academy Royals had won 30

of 37 games, and in one outing stole nine bases. The pitching staff had more shutouts than the league's other six teams combined, and the triple, supposedly the most exciting offensive play in baseball, was being exhibited as never before. Unaided by anything as fast as an artificial surface, the Royals had banged out 24 three-base hits.

The idea of the academy was, and is, so futuristic that many baseball executives don't believe it even now. In 1970 a total of 7,682 youngsters between the ages of 16 and 21 were scouted by the academy's staff, and 42 were selected for the first class. None had been considered seriously by any other major league team during the drafting periods and eight had never played even one inning of high school baseball. Today 19 members of the original group remain as the academy. Four others already have been advanced into Kansas City's minor-league system. When the decision was made to enter the academy team into the Gulf Coast rookie league as a unit, many baseball

men—including scouts—said it would fall flat on its face.

Late last week the second class began arriving in Sarasota, and whereas the first had nothing but hopes of success, the new group had some first-place facts to follow. The outsiders had excuses.

"They are winning because they have played together for a year," some said.

Nonsense, retorted Syd Thrift, the academy's director. "People say that we can execute better than teams that have been together for only six weeks. Heck, you can execute all day and never win if you have players who have weak arms or are slow runners. Our players have good arms and speed."

Supposedly the Royals' biggest stumbling block was going to be pitching. Any scout worth his weight in expensive vouchers will testify that it is impossible for a youngster with a live arm to slide past the draft unnoticed. Well, somebody must be wrong somewhere. The Royals are loaded down with unheralded live arms. Of the 12

pitchers used most on the Royals' staff, 11 have won games. Tom Dugan has won three times without losing—and he drives the academy bus.

The other evening Clark Griffith of the Minnesota Twins sat at Payne Park in Sarasota and watched the young Royals. "Any time a team has a record as good as this one's," said Griffith, "you take a look at it. It's possible this team already should be playing in a higher league. Mr. Kauffman's idea is ultraprogressive. People are now watching his players closer than ever before." Eight of Minnesota's top 10 choices from the summer free-agent draft are playing in the league, but with the season almost over, the Twins are 14 games behind the Royals.

Billy Herman, the former Brooklyn Dodger star second baseman, has watched the academy team from the start. "Last fall," he says, "they played junior college teams and I thought they looked real bad. But let's be honest: how the players developed."

By spring the Royals were advanced enough to play major colleges, semipro teams and even minor-league clubs. At one point the Royals ran off a 24-game winning streak as their percentage climbed to .700. They also took a trip through Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and Colombia, winning 10 of 14 games while drawing 106,000 people.

The team's top players now are Minnie Minoso-Azietta, son of the old White Sox star, and Ron Washington, a catcher. Young Minnie, 19, is hitting over .330 and will probably make White Sox fans cry in the future. Not drafted by any major-league team despite a fine high school record in Evanston, Ill., Minoso was found by the Royals and brought to Sarasota. He has remained one of the most dedicated students in the academy. Washington has remarkably swift moves for a catcher and is not afraid to throw when he sees a chance to pick a runner off base. He also is fast enough to steal a lot of bases himself, something catchers do not normally do.

It is Syd Thrift's contention that there is no shortstop in the league who can go deeper into the hole and throw the runner out at first better than Frank White. White is one of the athletes who never played an in-

ning of high school baseball, having concentrated on football and basketball. Another is Gary Rahe of Harper, Texas. An outstanding football player, Rahe turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of college recruiters and decided to attend the academy instead, even though he had played only a few games of baseball in his life.

Word of the academy has now spread to young athletes throughout the country. In June a 17-year-old right-handed pitcher named Bob Gipson showed up in Sarasota, having paid his own expenses from Plainfield, Ind., and with a name like that, why he was never drafted is a mystery. The Royals thought it was even more of a mystery when they saw Gipson throw. So far he has won five games and saved two others. Another Hoosier walk-on is Stu Hosking of East Gary, a three-game winner who gives up less than a run a game.

The academy succeeds probably because it does things differently from other organizations, and more thoroughly. There are videotape replays, bodybuilding sessions and classroom lectures, and any time a boy feels he is doing something wrong he can get an instructor to take him out on one of the four diamonds and work to correct his mistake. Every day each student gets a minimum of 20 minutes of hitting against live pitching. There are many major-leaguers who do not get that much hitting time in a week. "Our aim," says Joe Tanner, the hitting instructor, "is to take a boy who is having problems and work with him in such a way that when he is through he walks off the field with a smile on his face because he knows he has accomplished something."

There is no team in baseball today with the overall speed of the young Royals. Manager Buzzy Keller does not hesitate to use the double steal, which has set up a number of big innings. To increase defensive speed, the instructors came up with a novel idea. For years everyone thought a pitching machine should be used only for hitting practice; the Royals turned it around and aimed it at their infielders. It throws a ball at exactly the same spot every time, and the fielders move closer or farther away, perfecting their technique with various bounces. And

because the bounces are uniform, the players' reactions can be measured and compared. For trickier bounces the staff uses a curveball pitching machine.

The rookie-league season ends this month, which will not be too soon for the academy's opposition. After all, they are the chosen ones of baseball, and it gets tiresome being beaten by football players. In fact, it's no laughing matter unless you are Ewing Kauffman. Then it's hilarious.

THE WEEK

by PETER GARRY

NL WEST Mr. and Mrs. Juan Marichal's and Mr. and Mrs. Tito Fuentes' regular poker game last week was spiced with some untypical baseball talk. It used to be that baseball was a subject to be avoided, first when Marichal was a 20-game winner and Fuentes a struggling bit player and, more recently, when Fuentes was going well but Marichal was not winning. That all changed when Juan and Tito joined to win one for San Francisco. Marichal shut out the Expos on two hits for his first victory since June 23 and Fuentes drove in the game's only run with a bases-loaded, ninth-inning single. The return to form of Marichal and Gaylord Perry, who has pitched complete-game wins in his last two starts, may be just what the Giants need to hold off Los Angeles, enjoying a pitching boost of its own. Bill Singer, looking less injured each outing, tossed his second straight complete game, a 6-1 win over the Phils, and 29-year-old Doyle Alexander was even more effective the next night when he threw a four-hitter. Alexander is merely a spot starter for the Dodgers, but he has given that term a new meaning in L.A., "He's the pitcher we use when we're on the spot and need a win," explains Pitching Coach Red Adams. Even with Rico Carty back on the disabled list with blood clots in his leg, Ralph Garret nursing a sore heel, Felix Millan missing games with an injured hand, Zoilo Versalles with an injured leg and Orlando Cepeda undergoing surgery, ATLANTA still won four of six as Henry Aaron extended his batting streak to 22 games and Rookie of the Year candidate Earl Williams hit four homers and drove in nine runs. Houston's far-dwining Don Wilson, who has lost only once since the All-Star break, gained his fifth straight win 8-3 over the

continued

braves, and CINCINNATI's young ace Don Gullett picked up his 13th triumph by the same score over the Cubs. The management in SAN DIEGO, which has the worst attendance in the majors (401,573), has stopped putting on a false happy face. "We have to be worried," said General Manager Ed Leshman after only 10,828 persons came to watch the Padres' Dave Roberts and the Mets' Tom Seaver battle for the league ERA lead—a game the Padres won 1-0 in 12 innings. "We just can't ignore the situation anymore. The last few days have been the most disappointing in our three years here." The real question is whether Leshman can ignore offers from places like Dallas, which has been trying to lure the Padres away from Southern California.

SF 72-81 LA 80-66 ATL 64-60
HOU 63-62 CIN 57-65 SD 46-77

NL EAST "Did you see any of the game?" PITTSBURGH's Bob Robertson asked clubhouse man John Hallahan. "Didn't see a pitch," Hallahan answered. "Neither did we," said Robertson, who had been on the field for all the action, or what action Bob Gibson of ST. LOUIS allowed. He threw the first no-hitter of his life and the Pirates looked like they were wearing blinders. It was the first no-hitter against the Bucs since 1955 and the first thrown in Pittsburgh since 1907. For the reeling division leaders it could not have come at a worse time; it was their 14th loss in their last 20 games and brought the Cards to within five games of first place. Even though Catcher Ted Simmons told a teammate at dinner two nights before, "I gotta hunch Gibby's gonna throw a no-hitter," Gibson was especially surprised. "I never thought I'd throw a no-hitter because I'm a high-ball pitcher," he said. "There are many more high-ball hitters than low-ball hitters." CHICAGO continued its drive to challenge for the lead on the pitching of two revived veterans. Juan Pizarro, who has won four of six games since making it back from the minors, defeated the Pirates 2-1 with a five-hitter and Milt Pappas won his 14th game of the season 3-1 over the Reds. Pizarro's return has been particularly timely for the Cubs, whose relief pitching has been inconsistent and whose pinch hitting has been inevitable. Not one in 10 pinch hitters succeeded this year. In fact, all but two of the starting pitchers hit for a better average, which is one reason why Len Durocher has tended to stay with his starters. In winning three of his last four starts Pizarro has pitched complete games each time. "He looks like he's sweating to death out there. He sweats more than anyone I've ever seen," says Ron Santo of Pizarro. "And yet he has something in reserve. He's got great endurance." Endurance is something new

YORK pitchers, with the exception of Tom Seaver, need. They can't count on their batters to help them, twice the Mets were shut out by the Padres. Four of six METS' games were shutouts; two losses by one and two runs, two wins by three and five runs pitched by Steve Renko over the Giants and Bill Stoneman over the Dodgers. Don Money's 13th-inning, two-run double against L.A. and Deron Johnson's two-run homer against San Diego gave PHILADELPHIA two come-from-behind victories.

PIT 71-50 ST. L 67-84 CHI 66-74
NY 68-82 PHIL 53-87 MONT 48-71

AL WEST The bright prospects in the KANSAS CITY organization are not all down on the farm. With seven wins in their last eight games the Royals regained a seven-game hold on second place. The pitching staff, led by starter Dick Drago whose two wins included a 5-0 victory over the Red Sox, and Reliever Jim York, who struck out 19 batters in his last 12 innings, allowed only eight runs over a 70-inning span for a 3.03 ERA. And the Royal infield was nothing short of regal in two games against the Red Sox, turning seven double plays as K.C. improved its record for the year against the Sox to 7-0. Even with all those victories the Royals still lost ground to OAKLAND. Stretching their lead to 14 games, the A's won seven in a row, including Vida Blue's 21st and 22nd triumphs of the season. His latter victory came on Blue Day at Yankee Stadium, where 126 persons named Blue were allowed in free. The Yanks' management happily gave away those seats because Blue's appearance drew 45,000 fans, 29,000 more than had showed up the day before to watch the two teams play. Blue is the league's top draw on the road, but the Athletics are easily the most unwelcome visitors in the majors. So far this year they have won 47 of 65 road games and, according to Manager Dick Williams, would just as soon never play at home. At the close of the team's most recent home stand when the bleachers were sparsely filled, Williams said, "It will be a pleasure to get out of town. On the road they appreciate us." Harmon Killebrew hit three home runs for MINNESOTA, one of them his long-awaited 500th. The Kiler, who still has only 15 homers for the year, had slugged just one since June 22, a record for unproductivity matched by the Twins' bullpen. Stan Williams finally got a save. It was the first by a Twins reliever since June 30. No one seems interested in saving anything in CALIFORNIA, where reserve Catchers Jerry Moses and Jeff Torborg were the latest players to rap the management. "There is a lot

more wrong with this club than the Johnson and Congiario cases," said Moses. "It's poorly run from top to bottom. Lefty Phillips tears down a player's confidence rather than building it up." "I have no respect for the Angels' uniform," added Torborg. These latest zingers brought out the stoic best in Manager Phillips, who said, "We're not exactly talking about Gabby Hartnett and Elston Howard. All of this isn't worth commenting on." MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO broke four-game losing streaks with tight pitching. Rookie Jim Slaton, now 8-4 for the last place Braves, defeated the Indians 9-1, and Tom Bradley and Bart Johnson of the Sox combined to shut out the Orioles.

OAK 78-42 KC 83-65 CHI 67-82
CAL 56-66 MINN 63-66 MIL 62-87

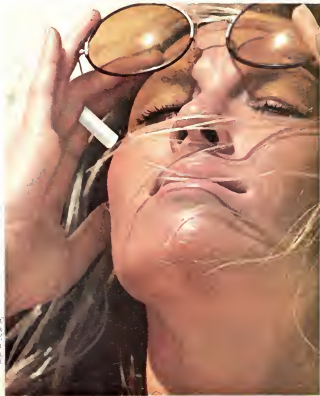
AL EAST It was DETROIT Reliever Bill Denchy who stung Boston's Reggie Smith with a pitched ball, but the man who came away feeling sore was Tiger Manager Billy Martin. After the game, which the Tigers lost 12-11, Martin encountered Smith at Fenway Park. Calmly putting down his pipe and his Western novel, Martin asked the Red Sox outfielder, "You looking for me?" "What's your problem?" Smith replied. "You're the one with the problem," said Martin. "Your mouth." At that, Smith, who is 17 years younger and about 20 pounds heavier, reportedly made a move at Martin, only to be halted by police, who were obviously aware of Martin's unblemished record in his previous bouts. "Do us a favor and don't hit him, Bill," the cops pleaded. Martin pulled his punches until later, when he said, "He'd have been a sucker for a right." While the Tigers and Sox battled for second BALTIMORE opened a nine-game lead, its longest of the season. The Orioles looked stronger than at any time this year with Jim Palmer pitching his second consecutive four-hit victory and lefty Duane McNally off the disabled list. Although still bothered slightly by the sore elbow that kept him inactive for a month, McNally allowed only three hits in the six innings he pitched in his first start. New York failed to hit a home run all week, as did WASHINGTON, which averaged a mere 4.5 hits a game. In CLEVELAND the Indians were worried about homers of another sort. It is rumored that the Tribe will play part of its home schedule in New Orleans in 1974, and the players are threatening to take the issue to their lawyer. "We'd be on the road almost all year," complained Outfielder Ted Uhlenhuth. "What will be our home park? Where will we settle our families? What will Cleveland fans think of all this?"

BAL 77-44 DET 85-54 BOS 84-66
NY 60-82 WASH 48-70 CLE 48-72

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What in blue blazers? (Also red, gray . . .)

The knitted blazer is the latest addition to a long and noble line. These lightweight, lighthearted versions of the old standard jacket add a degree of convenience and comfort that make this classic more of a bon vivant and an even better traveler.

Victorian in origin, the blazer began as a striped garment that symbolized membership in an exclusive school or club. Sportsmen of all schools adopted it as a natural extension of its early function and today, with sport an international denominator in men's clothing, the blazer has flared to new heights of popularity. They are ubiquitous at sporting events, and nearly all teams at the Olympics and Pan-American Games use the garment as a parade uniform. And no television sportscaster would feel completely dressed these days without his blazer, replete with hidden microphone and brocade network symbol on the breast pocket.

So what's new with the old standby? Well, the fabric, for one thing. The day of the stiff-as-starch blazer (in any color as long as it was navy blue) has given way to the advent of lightweight knitted materials—some in 100% wool and others in combinations of wool and synthetics—that come on more as sweaters than jackets. The knitted material has the sort of stretch Commodore Lipton never dreamed about. They pack like sweaters, too, and come out of the most overcrowded suitcase remarkably free of wrinkles.

Tailoring, too, has changed. The stretchier fabric permits armholes to be cut higher and sleeves to be even narrower. The jackets themselves are more fitted and longer, with high center vents or double vents in back.

No group of athletes has given the new blazers a better reception than tennis players. One reason, of course, is



WHERE IN BLAZERS?

John Newcombe's blazer is \$160 at Dorso, Beverly Hills. Arthur Ashe's is \$200 at Roon/Adkins, San Francisco and Whitehouse & Hardy, New York. Tony Roche's jacket is \$110 at Bakon of Chicago, Hastings, San Francisco and Wallich's New York. Tom Okker's is \$160 at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Whitehouse & Hardy. Ray Keldie (above) sports a \$100 model from Jordan Marsh, Miami and Norriss-Datto, Houston. Dorso's jacket is available now, the others in November.

the strong social side to the game; another is the fact that no sport is more peripatetic, which makes the good traveling qualities of these blazers even more appealing. In a period of weeks players on the international tour may compete in events from Bristol, England to Gstaad, Switzerland to Forest Hills.

Wimbledon champion John Newcombe, shown at top left with his 3-year-old son Clint at London's Hurlingham Club, says he spends about four months of the year on his Texas tennis ranch, another two months in Australia and the rest of his time on the tour. Here Newcombe is wearing a 100% wool double-knit blazer by Beverly Hills men's wear specialist Dick Dorso. It is cut on the lines of a hacking jacket, with double vents and navy tabs under the gold buttons on the sleeves.

Arthur Ashe, the leader of pro tennis' mod squad, sports some of the finest and most expensive labels in clothing, including several by Pierre Cardin. At top right he is shown at the Queen's Club in an Oscar de la Renta for After Six blazer with three patch pockets and a center vent. The material is knit of wool and polyester.

Australian Tony Roche (bottom left) waits for a practice court at the Queen's Club in his navy blazer from Hart, Schaffner & Marx—a double-knit Colanese Fortrel polyester that has strong wrinkle resistance. At bottom right, Tom Okker of Holland and Ingrid Bentzer of Sweden take in a match at Wimbledon. Okker in a hacking-jacket-cut blazer made of lightweight double-knit wool that looks like tweed. It is by Carlo Palazzi for Jaeger.

On this page, Aussie Ray Keldie watches a morning practice game at the Queen's Club. His tan blazer is made of very lightweight wool and polyester and comes from Corbin, Ltd. **END**

Steering the ship of state

British Prime Minister Edward Heath was off sailing, leading his country to world yachting glory. But who was minding the country?

As the British yacht *Morning Cloud*, running raggedly under broken gear and before a Force six wind, came home to Plymouth in the final race of the Admiral's Cup last week, there was much more than the hazards of this particularly exhausting voyage to depress her skipper. All the way out from Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, to the forlorn pile of the Fastnet Rock, off the southwestern extremity of Ireland, the highly sophisticated radio equipment aboard *Morning Cloud* had fed into her austere cabin a kind of information no racing yacht before her had ever received. On the return to Plymouth, the messages coming through from London were more frequent, their substance more momentarily gloomy. Time and again, Mr. Edward Heath was obliged to detach himself from the problems besetting his 30-foot sloop and forget that he was captain

of the British team that was on its way to defeating Australia and the U.S. in the Admiral's Cup. He was forced to assume his working identity as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and, as he absorbed more and more detail of the murderous violence in Ulster, to admit that the very title of that kingdom had yet again emerged as one of the sadder jokes of the 20th century.

Even before the series of four races for the cup had begun, Heath was heavily criticized for adopting his sporting persona at a time when political demands on his energies remained undiminished by the immensity of Parliament's summer recess. Inexorably, the Admiral's Cup, the greatest international team event in the yachting calendar, was dragged from the sports columns onto the front pages. The more venerable

yachting correspondents summoned all of their considerable insularity and went on mumbling doggedly about luffing and tacking and booms and headsails. But their resistance was hopeless. The big, wild world outside had infiltrated theirs, as it was always likely to do from the moment Ted Heath had gone to Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., on Madison Avenue, to seek a design to replace the first *Morning Cloud*, the ocean racer he had bought "off the shelf" after only three years of dinghy sailing.

He had been a purely honorary member of his sailing club in Broadstairs, Kent—where his father is retired after working his way up from carpenter to owner of a building business—until he met Gordon Knight on the jetty one day in the spring of 1966. "It's about time you did some sailing," said Knight, a Broadstairs schoolmaster. "I'll take you up on that," Heath answered breezily. And he did, with the eye for detail of a man who has had to make sense of memos all his adult life. "He doesn't sail by instinct," Knight says now. "It's something he had to learn. But he is constantly asking questions, he never forgets something he's told, and he doesn't mind being corrected. I've often seen him with a group at the club bar, moving ashtrays around to represent boats, working out where he went wrong." Within nine months of making his maiden outing on the first *Morning Cloud*, Heath was going wrong rarely enough to surge away with the 630-mile Sydney-Hobart race, one of the classics of ocean sailing.

If Sparkman & Stephens (Heath's firm choice despite a great deal of buy-British heckling) suspected they would not have a free hand in drawing up the lines of *Morning Cloud II*, they were absolutely right. Heath quickly gathered round him a crew of highly qualified specialists, and when it came to the design of *Morning Cloud II*, which was to be aimed specifically at the Admiral's Cup, they proved to be a vigorously outspoken committee. There were spirited discussions at Chequers, the official country home of Prime Ministers, and at his London flat. "We're a strong crew," says Anthony Churchill, a financial journalist turned publisher, who is the yacht's navigator. "There's only one skipper in ocean racing who could keep us all together."

Even at the drawing-board stage their

AT THE HELM OF "MORNING CLOUD," HEATH (SECOND FROM REAR) AVOIDS A CRASH

independence was raucous. But it was informed. George Stead, recruited as a helmsman this year, is a yacht builder. Peter Dove, a foredeck hand, is a sailmaker. Owen Parker, a tough, broad-chested man with a drawling Hampshire accent, is a ship's chandler in Southampton when he is not acting as sailing master for his Prime Minister. The others earn their living well away from water, but they had clear, convincing ideas about the yacht they wanted to sail.

Heath insists that he has never found it embarrassing to be surrounded by so much expert opinion. "Our crew is a carefully selected group of specialists," he says, "but the others will tell you that I am a specialist at examining data, sorting out priorities and making decisions. That's my function now, just as it was when we were deciding exactly what kind of boat we needed. We were after a racing machine, and that is what she is. Naturally, she was expensive. I'm not a very rich man and she stretched me financially." He hesitated for a moment, and the full, deeply tanned face under the silver hair offered a smile that stopped a long way short of the toothy chortle that has kept so many cartoonists in work. "Not quite to a limit, but enough."

He is a 55-year-old bachelor whose single-minded pursuit of a political career was relieved only by his love of music until that chance meeting on the Broadstairs jetty. His new interest is definitely helping to keep him youthful, and also, while he has been accused of being a remote, socially insensitive man, around boats and yachtsmen he is both animated and gregarious. "In any case," he says, "suggestions that *Morning Cloud* cost 40,000 pounds are well out. We were purely and simply interested in racing, so we didn't ask for luxuries. We have no deepfreeze, no stereo. We think about only one thing on board. Above and below deck, our boat is a workshop where we work at winning races. We certainly never discuss politics. I couldn't tell you what the others' politics are."

Morning Cloud's performance in the British trials had encouraged the selectors to go for relatively smaller boats. *Prospect of Whirly*, the largest of the three British choices, had a 33.2 rating (*Morning Cloud* was 30.7), while the principal challengers among the 15 competing nations—the U.S. and Australia—



THE VICTORIOUS CAPTAIN ENJOYS SOME STOUT AND A JOKE WITH SAILING WRITERS

ventured out with much larger craft.

The home team showed its mood and its flair by flaunting some aggressive little badges. TED'S AHEAD was the slogan of Heath's crew. The crew of *Prospect of Whirly*, which is owned and skippered by the bearded, one-legged Arthur Slater, followed up with SLATER IS GREATER. But Bob Watson, in the third British boat, *Cervantes IV*, had the janiest line. Watson had his 23-year-old daughter Elizabeth in his crew. Their badge said: CERVANTES HAS PANTIES.

As soon as the first of the cup races was under way—amid a bedlam of helicopter rotors, the churning of press launches and the alarming attentions of a vast spectator fleet—British spirits rose still higher. This was a 225-mile slog from Southsea on the Hampshire mainland, across the Channel to Le Havre and back to Cowes, and it carried double points compared with the two much shorter inshore races to follow. The final 605-mile marathon around Fastnet would bring three times as many points as each of the Cowes Channel sprints.

There was a fair range of tactical options open to the 41 boats that fought out the Channel race. But when *Prospect of Whirly* went into a dominant position it was by making perfect use of an electrical storm, broad-reaching home at nine to 10 knots. The U.S.' *Yankee Girl*, whose long white hull was to be a frustrating beacon for smaller pursuers all through the series, took second place on corrected time, which is fixed under a handicap system that sets a boat's actual time against her measurements. Behind *Yankee Girl* came *Morning Cloud*, after sailing a sound, well-navigated race. Arthur Byrne's *Salacia II* gave Australia fourth position but, with *Cervantes IV* coming next, the little British boats had provided the home team with a commanding point lead that it never was to lose.

However, for the captain, even if he had the inclination, there was no time to wallow in congratulations. There was irresistible pressure from London. The collapse of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders, a Glasgow consortium that had pleaded

continued

unsuccessfully for a transfusion of six million pounds from the government, had brought occupation of the shipyards by the workers and angry condemnation of the absentee Prime Minister. "Can Heath sail through the Clyde storm?" the newspapers wanted to know, reminding him that at least 4,000 employees were to be made redundant. The Prime Minister left *Morning Cloud* before the second race and returned to the House of Commons, although he was not due to speak in the debate on the Clyde issue. For the most part the discussion was as ineffectual as it was somnolent, the threat from militant trade unionists to "go down and kick hell out of that playboy's boat" had evaporated in the sooty air outside the Clyde-yard gates, and Heath was soon able to leave the green leather of the government front bench for the hard helmman's seat on *Morning Cloud*.

He arrived back in Cowes to find that the second race had turned out badly for Britain, but in the third event, with Heath sailing again, the British moved farther ahead in the point standings. The U.S., the defending champion, almost certainly lost the competition here when *Yankee Girl* was disqualified for passing on the wrong side of a marker boat. The race was a desheveled affair all around, with some of the larger craft running nearly out of control in the heavy weather. *Morning Cloud* did not get by unscathed, either, as a spinnaker tore loose from its mounting and caused slight damage to both the ship and an unfortunate crewman who happened to be in the way.

Ted Heath would have been pleased to dwell on this minor anxiety. Instead, he was required to hurry back to London for a meeting with Brian Faulkner, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, the commander of the British troops in the province, and his own Home Secretary and Secretary of State for Defense. It was announced that they had agreed to send 1,000 more soldiers to Ulster. What was not announced was that they had also agreed to round up and intern without trial hundreds of those believed to be involved in terrorist activities there. The tightly coordinated dragnet was scheduled for a time when *Morning Cloud* would be far out in the Atlantic.

Was it legitimate for the British Prime Minister to be asail on her at such a cru-

cial moment? The government subsequently responded that it was "imperative that Mr. Heath should be on board." Otherwise, it was announced, suspects in Ulster might have guessed that something special was up and gone into hiding.

So Ted Heath was restored to the Isle of Wight and to the distractions of Cowes at a time when the little seaport annually beckons to the international yacht world with Cowes Week. It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister found the town more agreeable than did most other visitors. There were no gunmen in Cowes—unless one counted the affable man from The Special Branch who was assigned to guard Heath—but there were evidences of banditry nevertheless. Some of the local hotelkeepers and tradespeople seemed to be bidding for the overcharging championship of the world. One disgruntled victim, who had put up at a pub in Yarmouth, a \$6 taxi ride from the regatta, marched to the notice board in the press tent and pinned on a bill for one night's stay (without full breakfast). The charge came to \$43. Such a document obviously embarrassed the jolly conspirators of the island, for someone slipped into the tent, tore down the bill and trampled it underfoot. Some of the traders freely admitted—admissions were the only things that were free—that the grossly swollen profits of Cowes Week subsidized their businesses for the rest of the year.

Money grabbing is not the only disagreeable aspect of human behavior to be encountered during Cowes Week. Although it was not uncommon to find as many as 500 or 600 sails veering and billowing above the gray waters, under the constantly changing English sky, making a sight to stir the most landlocked spirit, on shore it was different. In the narrow, hilly streets that twist charmingly to accommodate the contours of the seafloor, and in the pubs feverishly generating a yo-ho-ho bonhomie, the scenes were less varying and much less attractive. For the thousands who descend on this low, infinitely green island at the end of July, Cowes Week is an excuse to play the class game, a kind of Royal Ascot in espadrilles.

The week ended on the Friday night with a display of fireworks that was immediately put in its place by a thunder-and-lightning storm sufficiently spectacular to provide a backdrop for Boris

Karloff. The sky was colorfully broken but not noticeably unfriendly when the Admiral's Cup fleet sailed out for the final race past The Needles, those intimidating rocks that guard the entrance to the Channel. The boats were rushing to round the promontory in the six hours before the tide turned powerfully against them. Some made it, the great majority did not. Nearly all would return to Plymouth with at least one tale of misfortune. The Australians endured most and, though *Roguesville* won the last race for them, their challenge disintegrated in a confusion of failed batteries, broken steering cable and a shattered rudder.

Morning Cloud's own sufferings began when she was twice becalmed, once having to kedge in 40 fathoms for three hours, and became acute on the way back when the whole of her spinnaker gear was ripped away—leaving an 18-foot alloy pole swinging crazily in the air. "If we had not found a foolproof way of lashing that lot down, the pole might have come back at 50 mph and gone right through one of us," Owen Parker said later.

These troubles, however, represented no more than a tiny counterpoint to the news coming through on the radio-telephone. Twelve people died violently in Ulster on the first day of the emergency internment measures. The toll rose to 17 the next day, and the London *Daily Mail's* front-page editorial demanded that a helicopter airlift the Prime Minister from the deck of *Morning Cloud* to Downing Street. The article made ironic comparison between the yacht's progress and what was happening in Northern Ireland: "Hundreds of homes in Belfast burnt out. A Roman Catholic priest shot dead while administering the last rites. And *Morning Cloud* was lying sixth on corrected time. When will someone start to correct the times in Northern Ireland?"

Eventually, to many on the docks and elsewhere, it seemed of only marginal importance that Britain had won the Admiral's Cup by 837 points to the Americans' 788 and Australians' 719. Heath, struggling into Plymouth late in the afternoon, smiled his way under the unblinking cheeks of two Bermudians who had climbed to the top of their mast, dropped their shorts and turned their bare buttocks symbolically in his direction. He had more distressing confrontations ahead. **END**



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HOLLIS STACY (LEFT) ACCEPTS CONGRATULATIONS FROM RUNNER-UP AMY ALCOTT

Formful win in a most formful affair

Girls' golf, observed a USGA man down in Augusta last week, is a very formful game. Despite the adolescent figures strolling the fairways at the U.S. Girls' Junior Championships in those trim, no-nonsense outfits, he did not mean it as a pun. One of the more durable pieces of male wisdom holds that women don't like surprises, and it seemed to go double for the teen-age girl golfers at Augusta. The unexpected need not apply.

All of them—the Debby's, Lindas, Cindys and Candys, the Aprils, LuAnns, Kamberlys and Mary Beths—came to the Augusta Country Club, next door to the Augusta National where the Mas-

ters is played, well supplied with hopes and hair ribbons. One hundred and one came, and after the qualifying rounds most of them went right back home again. The 32 left to fight it out in three days of match play were the 32 everyone expected to be there, including the one—Hollis Stacy—the rest wished had stayed away.

Form was followed with eerie precision down to the very last day, which is not to say that nobody *ripped*. In this quiet, unturbulent pool of feminine order, a cool, braided, California blonde named Laura Baugh made quite a splash. She was an innocent troublemaker, but a troublemaker, nevertheless. First, in a field of 13- to 17-year-olds, of children emerging into adolescence and adolescents changing into women, she wasn't emerging at all. Miss Baugh had already emerged. She had one of the most confident walks ever seen, her perfectly tanned, well-formed legs swinging jauntily. The hair on her tapered arms was bleached absolutely white against a milk-chocolate tan. Her platinum hair was

pulled smartly back into a Viking-maiden braid. Her tunic-skirted golf outfit contrasted with the essentially neutral uniform often adopted as protective coloration by girl golfers of that age. When Laura stooped down to line up a putt, she did it gracefully, as she seemed to do everything else. Never a moment of uncertainty, nor an awkward gesture. It was quite unfair.

The other girls never actually admitted they disliked Laura—whatever antipathy there was seemed to stem from the fact that she seldom conceded a putt, no matter how short. But that was merely part of her conservative game, which was manifested in other ways. She consistently chipped on the safe side of the ideal placement and consistently drove shorter than she was able. Actually, Laura Baugh is quite likable. Her father, Hale Baugh, came up from Florida to be with her in Augusta (Laura's parents are divorced), and his grade was evident. "Her mother has done a wonderful job with her," he said rather wistfully. He recalled how Laura at age four would tag along when her brothers played golf, hitting an occasional ball of her own. "We'd clap for her, then she'd play a hole or two. I made her a little club out of a wood block."

During the tournament she dallied with the idea of breaking out of her conservative mold at least once. "I wanted to wear tennis pants with my dress today," she said one morning. "I was just afraid the USGA wouldn't let me." And then, of course, she almost made golfing mischief. She nearly beat unbeatable Hollis Stacy.

Native to Georgia and a great local favorite, Hollis had won the last two junior championships, only the second player in 22 years to do so, and had done it walking away. Up to Thursday's match she had lost exactly two holes in two rounds. She had won her first-round match in 11 holes, and the talk among the caddies was that she could have won in 10, the minimum, but that would have been rubbing it in.

In her quarterfinal match with Laura Baugh there was no question of rubbing it in. Laura, who started off shakily with a bogey on the 1st, watched impassively as Hollis seemed up to her usual tricks. On the par-3 4th, Hollis hit her tee shot to within a foot of the

continued



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pin, a hole in one that just stopped rolling. She went one up. Normalcy.

But somehow, Laura wouldn't follow the script. For the next 14 holes, she went two under par and did not bogey once. On every drive she was 20 yards shorter than Hollis, but her short game more than made up for it. On the 18th hole, a short par 5, she drew even. And on the ninth, she held her pitch shot and went one up.

Now the imperturbable Hollis began to trudge. She swung around in frustration after missing a putt on the 14th and almost got three behind on the 15th before getting down in two from a trap. Hollis also put her second shot on 16 into a trap, next to a high green looking out over the national forest where all Augusta gathered in 1864 to watch for Sherman's March.

Once again the Yankees didn't make it. Hollis blasted out beautifully, Laura missed a long putt, then another, and Hollis was only one down. When Hollis won 18, it was even. Coolly, Hollis hit her best drive of the day on the 19th, Laura pulled into a sand trap, and Hollis had won.

Laura congratulated her opponent graciously and walked off the green under perfect control. But when her father told her what a good game she had played, she said fiercely, "I'm terrible! No one could be two up on the 16th and lose." There might have been a catch in her voice as she said it, but nobody could say for sure with Laura. So much for the unforeseen.

Meanwhile, another gallery pleaser, a 17-year-old strawberry blonde named Louise Bruce, was eliminated the same day—a loss for several reasons, among them for candid warmth and her slight Scottish burr. Louise's parents are archetypal Scots from the north (her grandmother was North-of-Scotland champion), giving her a special relationship with a course built by a Scotsman named Ross.

"I thought I recognized the Scottish sense of humor," she said wryly. "In fact, I'm sure I heard a dry chuckle when I went into one sand trap."

Fortunately, buckets of dark-haired fillies were left with two splendid girl-next-door types on Friday. Donna Horton looked as you would expect a girl from Kinston, N.C. to look—like kinfolk. She had a pleasant, shy smile, a modest manner and soft voice and had

begun golf only four years before, at age 13. The only reason she was here was that she had passed up the North Carolina Boys' JC Tournament, for which she had also qualified.

Mary Budke, another semifinalist, was a young lady of enthusiasm and friendliness, the devoted hope of all Dayton, Ore. (pop. 719), whose dad, a 28 handicapper, lamented his lot as the family's second-best golfer. "She doesn't give me any advice," he complained of Mary. "I've been trying to wriggle some out of her for years."

Of course dark horses do not win events as fraught with orthodoxy as girls' golf tournaments. Although she took Hollis Stacy to 17 holes, Donna Horton lost. And so, to Amy Alcott of Los Angeles, did Mary Budke—though she fought it through 21 holes.

In the finals Amy Alcott could scarcely be rated an underdog, even to Hollis Stacy. She had played golf since she was old enough to swing a stick, first learning the game by clipping from sprinkler head to sprinkler head on the Alcotts' Los Angeles front lawn. Only 15, she drives the ball 240 to 250 yards, farther than most women pros. She says she gets her strength from jogging, but one might also add that much of it comes from long years of participation in all kinds of sports.

"I used to think I was a boy," says Amy. "My knees and hands were always skinned. I would play the boys at football and baseball and beat them. They didn't like that. The girls hated me, too, because they had a crush on the sixth-grade teacher, and he liked me best because I liked baseball."

Against Hollis, Amy played one of the more remarkable rounds of golf ever seen in the junior championship. In the course of firing a three-under-par 70 over the 6,052-yard course, she birdied five holes and bogeyed only one. There was just one trouble. While all this was going on, Hollis Stacy was doing the same thing. As a result, Amy trailed most of the way, going one down to Hollis on the very first hole. The margin held through the first 17 holes, and nothing that happened to Amy on 18 seemed to augur an improvement. Her tee shot caught a fairway trap, and her second fell into a bunker near the 18th green. But then she blasted out to within three feet of the cup and sank her putt, which caromed from one edge of the hole to



BAUGH SIPPED AND PLAYED IT COOL

the other before dropping. Her birdie put her even with Hollis, and they were into the tournament's third sudden-death match in three days.

Hollis made quick work of it from here, however, sinking a 15-foot putt on the 19th hole of play and winning an unprecedented third-straight U.S. Girls Junior Championship. Her parents came up to Hollis afterward—her father almost sheepishly because it had been the first time he had come out to watch his daughter in competition (he usually stays home to babysit the Stacy brood) and he perhaps feared he had jinxed her, and her mother from behind a bush where she had hidden on both of Hollis' sudden-death holes, afraid to watch. "That was awful," said Jack Stacy, who poured himself a beer. Tillie Stacy gave her daughter an enormous hug.

Someone wondered what all the fuss was about. Nobody beats Hollis Stacy in match play. Not in a formal tournament like the Girls' Junior. **END**

From a dump of sorts to a spot for sports

In terms of trees, suburban sprawl and scenery, there is not much to distinguish New York's Long Island from any other specific place in the country. It suffers all the usual national problems, including junk—which is piling up something awful. But now, slowly, something is happening to that junk. Long Island is affecting a marriage between, of all things, garbage and sport.

Well, why not? Most communities have too much of one and probably could use more of the other. Ecologically, the move is overdue. And Long Island's sporting dump is not entirely original—a lot of cities are on to the idea now. Here is what some of them have already done:

West Berliners built Mount Junk, an artificial hill made out of wartime bombing rubble, and it now has everything from a ski jump to a vineyard.

A huge mound of garbage sits outside Norfolk, Va., called, with a certain touch of folksy genius, Mount Trashmore. It is 60 feet high and is being converted into a recreation park.

Pittsburgh trucks its 900 to 1,000 tons of daily refuse 20 miles out of town, dumps it into old strip-mines, plants the settled debris with shrubbery, stocks the areas with game and opens them to public hunting.

In Los Angeles, refuse has been a part of recreational planning for half a century; some landfill projects in the area actually tailor the stuff to fit the desired contour of the land.

Now that Long Island has discovered sporting garbage—discovered that it is far easier to love debris than leave it—the area promises to produce the big daddy dump of all. Sanitary landfill—remember that term—is the secret. Sanitary landfill uses "solid waste," which takes in a whole world of rubbish, garbage and trash, then compacts it and buries it out of sight under topsoil. But if that sounds too easy, the system is reaching artistic heights at the township of Brookhaven. Using solid wastes, workers are converting the existing landfill site

at Brookhaven's Holtsville village into a Sports City.

Through the use of "berms," or earth walls made of refuse, what now resembles a typical East Coast dump—complete with a million sea gulls—will become a 74-acre complex containing 16 tennis courts, 15 handball courts, four basketball courts, two football fields, six baseball fields, a 7,000-seat stadium and several swimming and wading pools. The complex also will feature 700 new trees and open space for picnics, games, walks and people who just want to dig the whole concept—as long as they don't dig too deep.

"This is one of the first designed and planned landfill projects that produces a recreational and park program for a whole community, instead of a one-shot project," says George A. Dudley, who oversees the venture as president of the New York State Environmental Facilities Corporation. "In the past, the concept of solid-waste landfill was just that," says Architect Norval C. White, the project planner. "You filled up an empty space until it was level with the space adjacent. After it was full and flat, you drew lines and said, 'This is a football field or this is a baseball field.' The difference here is that we're now using the material to create topography. Solid waste becomes a three-dimensional part of the facility."

It also becomes a tremendous cost saver. Surrounding communities will be paying more than \$11 a ton for waste disposal when pollution-control devices are added to existing incineration facilities, according to Brookhaven Supervisor Charles W. Barraud. The Holtsville project will cost a mere \$3.05 per ton. Brookhaven's 243,000 residents—generating one ton of garbage each—will produce a quarter of a million tons annually at the cost of \$750,000. The town will pay the bills, but the nonprofit EFC will deed the land to Brookhaven and extend the payment period over more than 20 years. The landfill should be completed by the end of 1972 and the entire

project in operation before 1976, in time to meet the 200th anniversary of a nation that suddenly has grown garbage conscious.

Landfill was not the only option open to Brookhaven when the town leaders set out in search of a long-range garbage-disposal solution, but other available means, such as composting, long-distance hauling and pyrolysis (heat distillation), proved as expensive or inconvenient as such tried-and-failed means as dumping and burning.

Now that the project is, so to speak, growing, all is strictly business at Holtsville. Bulldozers are compacting garbage into five-foot sections and covering each with six inches of soil. Each berm, when



FIRMLY MOUNTED ON A GARBAGE HEAP.

finished, will be covered by another three feet of topsoil which will, in turn, be landscaped. Dominated by graceful shapes, rather than harsh, jutting angles, the complex will simulate ancient Mayan ruins, or so says Architect White.

In fact, the pleasing appearance promised for the place is probably its biggest selling point. For all the talk of progress and environment, there are still a few folks in the community whose esthetic sensibilities won't let them forget that beneath that sports center, under the playgrounds and swimming pools, is a lot of, well, icky garbage. But continued reassurances are winning them all over: "The garbage dumping will be discontinued a long time before the project is fully useful," says Assistant Director Ernest Warnke. "Anyone who enjoyed New York's 1964-65 World's Fair will recall that the Flushing Meadows area was built atop landfill."

After all, a lot of good old clean dirt and sand will go on top of the garbage when the dumping stops. Swimming pools will be lined like swimming pools

everywhere: tennis courts and other playing fields will not be installed until the garbage settles, and then blacktop, grass or clay will be applied.

Thus assured, even the most skeptical residents of Brookhaven have now gone for the idea. No one wanted to live near a garbage dump, but the picture of a sports complex reversed the priorities. The idea even made garbage—a messy political problem—something of a delightful concept. Hassles that had compounded the problem disappeared when Brookhaven went to EFC, which was created by Governor Rockefeller and the New York state legislature to assist towns, villages and counties in meeting their sewage and solid-waste disposal problems. EFC did such an effective selling job that local opposition, for once, did not materialize. The landfill operation got under way Jan. 1.

At first glance Brookhaven would appear to have about as much of a garbage problem as outer space. Starting some 60 miles east of Manhattan and extending another 20 miles eastward,

bridging Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean, Brookhaven, all 387 square miles of it, is the largest legally defined town in New York State. It was officially incorporated by Royal Charter in 1686 and has largely preserved its rural character. In spite of an upper-middle-class development in Stony Brook, there are dirt roads throughout the township and rural resort areas in its eastern regions. Of the seven villages, the largest, Patchogue, has only 11,478 residents. It is hardly a Manhattan suburb. Even Brookhaven's western regions are a 1½-hour express ride from Penn Station on the Long Island Railroad. Most of its working residents are employed by local industries—the airports, Long Island Light, a telephone company branch and the famous Brookhaven National Laboratory. Because of transportation problems and the scarcity of water for industrial use, heavy industry has not invaded the area. There is little air pollution, thanks to a southwest wind off the Atlantic, and 130 miles of shore frontage enhance the rural mystique.

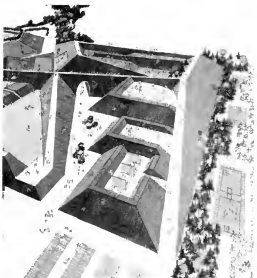
The attitudes are not urban, either. Republicans outnumber Democrats by almost two to one, but the leaders of both major parties have agreed to forbid their candidates to accept endorsements from minor parties, so great have Conservative Party successes been of late. It is quiet, reserved country, and mention of the word garbage usually conjures up visions of Greenwich Village.

But as Supervisor Barraud, the highest-ranking local elective official in Brookhaven, is quick to affirm, urban problems are just over the horizon. And some have arrived—like garbage.

Even the most enthusiastic promoters of sporting garbage concede that landfill is only an interim solution. "It depends on site availability," says environmentalist Dudley. "and the supply of land, like water and air, is finite." New York City's landfills, for instance, will be full in a couple of years—and when your fill is full you are in trouble. Even Tucson, in the middle of the desert, will be out of dumpand in 30 years.

Experts say that the only sound cure for the refuse problem is an efficient and cost-saving means of recycling, just as surely, in the words of Calvin Coolidge, as work is the ultimate cure for unemployment. Meanwhile, if you have to have a dump, says Brookhaven, why not play on it?

END



BROOKHAVEN'S NEW RECREATION CENTER WILL PROVIDE SEVERAL FORMS OF FUN





HARVEY ON THE LAM

* * *

BY ROBERT F. JONES

By any name, Steve McQueen gets all revved up over dirt bikes. Slamming one across the California desert is now his Great Escape

*

The opening scene: California's Mojave Desert at high noon. Dead silence. Through the shimmering heat waves, Mount San Jacinto seems to writhe on the horizon like a dying brontosaurus. The spines of the cactus at foreground right are in sharp focus, the gleaming spearpoints of a vegetable army. In the shadow of a boulder, sudden movement. A Gila monster raises its beadwork head and flicks its tongue, alert to the distant sound that is just beginning to insinuate itself into the desert's quiet. A strident, ululating whine, the in-

continued



vading noise rapidly gains strength as four distorted dots on the horizon weave closer. The dots take on color and shape as they approach: a quartet of red and chrome motorcycles, stunting and racking their way through the puckerbushes, their riders vaulting the ridges and slaloming through the cactus at 70 mph. Their ominous, mechanical verve sends the Gila monster—descendant of the dinosaurs—scuttling for shelter. The camera zooms in on the lead rider's face, sun-blackened and jut-jawed under his helmet. Up music and credits. Hold onto your popcorn, folks—Harvey Mushman rides again!

That scenario, or one like it, takes place nearly every weekend in the desert surrounding Palm Springs. Harvey Mushman is the occasional pseudonym of Steve McQueen (see cover), movie actor and motor sportsman, when he goes a-racing. His companions on those fast, racking transits of the wasteland often include the best of the desert-riding breed: Bud Ekins or Roger Riddell, Mert Lawwill or Malcolm Smith. Now and then a smaller figure on a smaller bike trails behind, slower but only a touch less skillful in his handling of the desert's harsh nuance—Chad McQueen, the actor's 10-year-old son.

To the serious student (or critic) of motor sports, a movie actor might appear to be an odd choice to illustrate the game of desert riding. Actors, after all, are notorious in their appetite for publicity, and even those who appear in racing films usually have stuntmen do most of their driving. But Steve McQueen's racing credentials are quite in order. Last year he proved his competence as a sports car endurance racer by placing second in the 12 Hours of Sebring. Aided by the considerable talents of Peter Revson as his co-driver, McQueen drove his half of the race impressively, mixing it up nicely in the corners and clocking lap times within seven seconds of Revson. What's more, McQueen was driving with his clutch foot in a cast—he had broken his left leg just one week earlier in a bike race at Elsinore, Calif. The cast itself cracked during the first 20 minutes of the race. "It hurt," Steve recalls, "and that took a

lot of my strength away, but mainly it complicated the problems of downshifting through the corners." Add to that the fact that the McQueen-Revson car was an obsolete Porsche 908, much slower in the straightaways than the top-line Porsche 917s and Ferrari 512s, and McQueen's finish was even more remarkable. Mario Andretti, who won the race in a five-liter Ferrari, had to shift cars to do so. (His own machine broke down shortly before the end and he commanded another team car that was lying third at the time. At that, Mario only won by 23.8 seconds.) "The motor sports Establishment was scared foolish that I was going to win," McQueen says now with a grin. "I'm told that Chris Egnomaki was tearing his hair and moaning, 'My God, not a movie actor, not a movie actor!'"

But why not? An actor with a rather limited repertoire, McQueen has done a lot to popularize the motor sports he regards as his avocation. In his film *Le Mans* the romantic clichés of most racing movies are largely avoided, and the kinetic truths of high-speed sports car competition come across with a commanding fidelity. The driving sequences, particularly the crashes of a Ferrari and McQueen's Porsche 917 (actually a Lola with a Porsche body on the frame), are clearly the best and most realistic ever shot. When they viewed a rough cut of the film at Daytona earlier this year, drivers Jackie Oliver and Vic Elford could find no fault with the footage. "Seeing those slants in slow motion makes you want to hit the brakes," allowed Oliver—quite a recommendation from a driver who rarely hits his own.

McQueen's climactic motorcycle scene in *The Great Escape*, a 1962 film about Allied POWs in a World War II stalag, was in reality a pagan to dirt racing. His slides, jumps, wheelies and even the ultimate "endo" (end-over-end spill) showed a vast audience just what the weekend bike freak sees—and does—at a motocross event. It was a revelation to the uninitiated.

"Most bike flicks in the past concentrated on the outlaw crap," McQueen says, with some heat. "Hell's Angels and all of that stuff, which is about as far

away from the real world of motorcycle racing as I am from Lionel Barrymore. Brando's movie *The Wild One* in the early 1950s set motorcycle racing back about 200 years."

The real grid of the American Motorcycle Association's championship circuit is well expressed in Bruce Brown's superlative bike flick *On Any Sunday*, which McQueen financed to the tune of \$313,000, and the film goes a long way toward rectifying that earlier setback. It shows McQueen's sometime riding buddy Mert Lawwill (trucking his Harley-Davidson from track to track—San Francisco to Columbus to Daytona and back to the Coast, to Sacramento—in defense of his No. 1 plate (which he loses to Gene Romero ultimately)). Mainly, though, the Brown-McQueen effort conveys the agility and exuberance of bike riding, particularly off the road, so emphatically that the already swollen market of motorcycle buyers will probably explode as a result.

Insurance hangups have forced McQueen out of sports car racing, but no one can keep him off the motorcycles. "I can't really say I'm sorry that I don't race sports cars anymore," he mused recently at his Palm Springs home. Two tidy Porsche 911s were parked in the driveway, along with six motorcycles. He studied them for a moment. "There's something awfully final about automobile racing. I learned that when we were shooting *Le Mans*, if I hadn't learned it earlier driving. If you foul up in a car often enough, it's Adios City. Bikes can hurt you sure enough, kill you too, but there's not as high a fatality rate in bike racing as in cars. I guess it's the slower speeds and the absence of fire. If you lose it on a bike, you're clear of the machine when and if it burns. Mimes some hide, of course, and dinged up pretty good around the arms and legs and head and shoulders. But basically you're intact. If you decelerate a car from 200 miles an hour to zero in like 10 yards, which is what happens if you hit a tree on a road course or the wall at Indy, you come out kind of compressed. And if you get knocked out in even a minor stunt and the car starts to burn . . . well, like I said, it's kind of final."

continued

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ON THE LAM



McQueen himself is kind of final about his role as a motor sportsman. "Look, I'm an actor, not a racer. I love bikes for the fun they give me, not the money they might have given me. You can't earn more than \$80,000 a year racing bikes, and you work your tail off doing even that, races every weekend for seven months of the year and from coast to coast. I think that if I'd started young enough in motorcycle racing, I could have been ranked," says the actor, now 41. "I've won my share of races, and I've lost them, too. I was in heavy competition with Scooter Patrick for the course lap record at Phoenix, and finally I did it—I set the record. But it'll be broken. That's how it goes and how it should go. Sport is not like art. There is no 'best' in sports, only 'getting better.'"

McQueen's interest in motorcycles dates back to 1930, when he bought his first bike, "a mean old 1946 Indian Chief. I remember how proud I was of it—I right away went over to see this girl I was dating to show it to her. When she saw it, she said, 'You don't expect me to ride around with you on that?' Well, I sure enough did. The girl went but the bike stayed."

Those were hungry days for McQueen the entertainer. A tough kid growing up in wartime L.A., he had done time in the Chino, Calif. reformatory ("It was the competitive urge, I think, and I converted it into stealing cars"). The Marine Corps and a stretch in the Merchant Marine straightened him out and showed him much more of the world; Actors Studio, followed by many stage robes, large and small, confirmed him in the direction of drama.

But fast cars and motorcycles remained an alternate mode of expression. During the late 1950s he took off on a bike trip through Cuba. "We were quite a group," he recalls. "An actor, a poet and a guy who was just plain nuts, or maybe we all were. Hurricane Audrey was sloshing around on the East Coast while we zipped down to Florida. Then we ran from Havana to Santiago, about 967 or so kilometers, as I recall. Batista and Castro were shooting it out down there in the Sierra Maestra, and there

were uniforms everywhere. I was still a little wild in those days, particularly when I was on the juice. So what happens? I get thrown in the calabozo. I sent a telegram to Neile Adams, my girl, to send money so I could get out. Well, she later married me, but that time she said no. It wasn't so bad. The guard was a friendly dude, and he'd let me out of the cell so we could have lunch together—cheese and onions and wine—and that hot sun with the smell of the manzanita and the sewers. I suppose that's the great romantic lure of the motorcycle; it's a key to adventure."

Thus far McQueen's machines had all been "street iron," outsized, overchromed jobs that were a terror on the highways but stuck-in-the-muds off the road. He learned about dirt riding quite dramatically. "You know that cliff that leads down from Mulholland to Sepulveda?" he asks. "Well, I was riding along Sepulveda with Dennis Hopper when we saw these guys bopping and bumping through the weeds near there, off the road. It was Keenan Wynn and another guy on these strange machines, dirt bikes they called them. We asked Keenan if he could climb that cliff. 'Watch this,' he says. Varoom! Right up to the top. Dennis and I were standing there with our eyes out to here. The very next day I went out and bought me a 500-cc Triumph dirt bike."

Competition quickly followed—club races, hare-and-hound chases across the Southern California wastelands, point-to-points and snow racing in the High Sierra. "It's rugged riding," McQueen allows. "I remember one snow race up in the Sierra where I lost it just as I was coming up on this ragged old pine tree. One of the broken-off branches slammed right into my mouth. I was standing there sitting out bark and blood when a course official came up. 'Are my teeth still in there?' I asked him. I didn't want to waste any time taking off my gloves, so he felt around and said that they were loose but still there. I was just dumb enough to jump back on the bike and finish the race. Wow!" He shakes his head, grinning.

McQueen has also ridden in the real enduros, races like Las Vegas' Mint 400

and the Baja 1,000 from Ensenada to La Paz. In last year's Elinore Grand Prix, a race through that small mountainside town and its surrounding gulches northeast of San Diego, McQueen was one of 1,500 entrants. As Harvey Mushman, he started well back in the pack but managed finally to snake, bump and vault his way to 10th place overall, while his friend Malcolm Smith was lapping the field for an easy victory. "In my book Malcolm's the best all-round racer in the world right now," says Steve. "He's a gold medal winner in the Internationals, but he still runs all of it—hare-and-hound, trials, long distance. He's a fine mechanic, and he gets the most out of a bike. He's got a bad right leg, though he's not going to tell you about it. I want him to put a brace on it. If he breaks it again, it's going to be Adios City."

Intense as his own competitive instincts are, McQueen has found them changing under the influence of the desert; he respects that sternest of geographical gurus, though he is well aware of its quirky vulnerability. Cleat marks left by George Patton's tanks, training in the desert nearly 30 years ago, are still visible, but rain may follow the new tracks of a dune buggy or a dirt bike and turn imprints into washes. Too many desert freaks, whether cyclists or truck drivers, leave their junk lying around where they dropped it, beer cans, aluminum foil, bottles, the whole undegradable lot, where even a simple tire track ruins the esthetics of this austere, previously wild desert world. "You end up pushing farther and farther into the boonies," McQueen observes, "trying to escape from other people and their noise and their crap, but then they see your tracks and they follow you. It's the problem that confronts all of us in a jam-packed world. Who are we running away from? Answer: us. It's crazy, but what's the solution?" Dirt riders are discouraged from much of the desert area of California by new laws enacted as a result of the current wave of ecological awareness, but a number of motorcycle parks have been established, mainly around Los Angeles, to give bike people an outlet. This is only a stopgap solution, but

McQueen approves of it, for the moment.

As for the desert, "I first began to understand it as a living thing back in my wilder days," he says. "I was interested in the Indians, and they had given me some peyote. This was way back before the drug culture got started, and people were still serious about the philosophical aspect of the hallucinogens rather than just kicks. Anyway, the peyote really hit me. I took off into the desert on my bike, bound and determined to whip it. I ran flat out, straight into the desert—I was all ego, challenging every bump and every gulch. I don't know how many endos I turned, plenty of them. The cactus ripped me up, the rocks chewed on my hide, I had sand in my nose and kangaroo rats in my ears. I rode until the bike ran out of gas, and after that I just lay there."

"It was dead quiet, night falling and my bike making these little crackling noises as the metal cooled and settled. I knew then that not only could I never whip the desert, but that the whole thought of trying to whip it was the most ridiculous idea in the world."

On this day there was no thought of whipping anything except city-style boredom. McQueen had driven up to Palm Springs from his L.A. offices (he runs a plastics company in addition to his celluloid affairs) to spend a weekend with Chad and a couple of riding pals before embarking on his next film. The movie, *Junior Bonner*, about a down-and-out rodeo rider—splendid McQueen casting—is directed by Sam Peckinpah, a man with a good eye for such currently unpopular human qualities as toughness, loyalty and contempt for death. McQueen's desert hideaway, standing on a sun-scorched ridge overlooking the wealth and desiccation of Palm Springs, is some decorator's dream come surrealistically true. There are kongoni skulls and zebra skin pillows, the mounted head of a Boone and Crockett-class bighorn sheep, a gold-plated Winchester .30-30 "presentation model" hanging on one wall ("much better than that silly little sawed-off Winchester I used in *Warred—Dead or Alive*," Steve muses, spin cocking the rifle absently). The refrigerator is full of Cold Duck, Almaden burgun-

continued



dy, Coors beer and Gateade—this is a dry climate. In the house, at least, it is also a somewhat sad one. McQueen is separated from his wife. "We've got our problems," he admits freely, "and we're trying to work them out."

Looking down into the desert from the poolside, McQueen points to the north. "I used to have a little shack out there in the flats—cost me only \$102 a month, and I was perfectly happy with it. It was on a wash, and you could just jump on the bike and disappear into the guggle weeds. Oh, well." Chad is riding around the swimming pool on a bicycle, doing 50-yard wheelies and other stunts, clearly nudging his father to hurry up and get with it for the afternoon motorcycle ride. In everything but his cycle skills Chad is a striking contrast to his father: dark and open rather than blond and curt. He wears braces over his uninhibited smile and has none of that exasperating cocksurety so common to actors' children.

"I've tried to raise him as a real kid," Steve explains. "He likes to ride in the desert and he bought his own bike, a Yamaha 60-cc Mini Enduro, out of his own pocket money. But his schoolwork has to be good if he's going to ride. I grounded him for eight weeks earlier this year when his grades got sloppy. He's shaped up nice since then. Christ, riding has got to be good for a kid. I was stealing cars at his age."

It is egg-frying hot around the pool. Even the water temperature is an incredible 92° thanks to the searing sun, and no one but Chad wants to ride until the shadow of Mount San Jacinto gets a bit taller. McQueen's other guests are content to lie lizardlike in the sun until then. Roger Riddell is a lean, longhaired dirt rider from L.A. who has taken time off from the two-wheel wars to beat the promotional drums for Bruce Brown's motorcycle movie. Morris Langford is dark and hawk-beaked, an "environmental lighting specialist" when he is not racing through the desert. One can only suppose that "environmental lighting" is a euphemism for comedy: Langford certainly brightens

his surroundings with a ready, quippy wit. Just now, in response to a jocular put-down by Riddell, he has damped a glass of ice cubes on Roger's chest with an admonishment to "cool it." Dirt-rider tough, Riddell scarcely flinches. The thirsty sun evaporates the ice in two minutes flat.

The talk touches, desultorily, upon the topics important to motorcycle men: famous spills and fractures; the relative worth of various shock absorbers, gearboxes and tread-shaping techniques. "Hey, Morris," says McQueen. "The next time you go by Bud Ekins' shop I want you to do something for me. You know that 1924 Indian Chief I restored—the one with the side hack? Well, Bud clipped the wheels off of it from me—the original wheels. Every time I come over, he hides them and I can't steal them back. Maybe if you..."

"No way," says Morris. "Do your own salvage jobs. My picture's up in too many post offices already." Yakety-yak, but their eyes keep watching the sun as it slopes toward the mountain. Finally the angle is just about right. "O.K.," says McQueen, hitching up his Levi's like an old gunfighter. "Time for a ride. Let's get it on."

The closing scene: four bikes in the desert. The interplay of the riders as they weave and leap their machines, like stampeding impala. It is a series of interlocking races, or fragments of races, with each rider picking up, without an exchange of words, on the challenge of the next patch of ground. Roger spots a tricky wash with an approach route made even trickier by a staggered stand of manzanita, and as he swerves his bike toward it Steve and Morris take up the chase. There is only one route over the lip of the wash, and each man tries to reach it first, with Chad in vain but straining pursuit. Collision seems imminent, but Roger gets there just a wheel on top, and the others slip grudgingly into line for the jump. On the next extemporaneous heat McQueen wins the sprint into a sandy corner, and Roger, having come in too deep and now unable to pass, lays his bike on its side and slides

clear of the corner in a swirl of spokes and dirt. As he gets to his feet, the alert concern of his companions gives way abruptly to raucous, chinying laughter. "Hey, man, you blew it, man, you road-hog, that'll learn ya!" Roger flips them the bird, restarts the bike and the chase is on once more. At one point Chad loses a plug over his gearbox and is sprayed with oil. "Yuccchhl!" he screams, shuddering as he tries to wipe the oil off. "I can't stand it!" It is a strange moment, embarrassing to the men. Chad is, after all, still a little boy, with a kid's sudden incomprehensible hang-ups. Steve reassures him that oil doesn't hurt and tells him that if he's going to own a bike, he's got to make sure that everything on it is buttoned up tight before he rides it. They stuff a chunk of cloth into the hole and roar off once again.

The desert is covered with animal signs. Jackrabbits and ground squirrels have been this way, and there are the tracks of a long-loping coyote. As the day cools, the hawks come out, broad-winged buzzards with undersides as pale as the desert sky, swinging in search of dinner. Coveys of Gambel's quail call from the cool spots. "There used to be antelope around here," says Riddell during one of the breaks, "but the railroad finished them in one year. They were afraid to cross the tracks, so the herd split up and finally died out. It sounds ominous—like a metaphor—but meaning what?" McQueen looks serious during the exchange, perhaps recalling that long-ago run he had made in hopes of conquering the desert, but then he flashes the happy, movie-star grin. "What'll we do for dinner tonight? How's about Mexican food? Margaritas, frijoles refritos, enchiladas, peppers..." "Yeah," says Morris, "and after that a 50-gallon drum of Maalox."

The long shot that follows puts it all together: four bikes in silhouette, running toward the scattered golden lights of Palm Springs. No music, just the fading, up-and-down cacophony of the engines. Harvey Mushman rides again. And again and again.



As the sun sets, cyclists Steve and Chad McQueen share a truce with the Mojave Desert.



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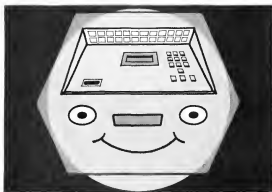
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—Switzerland's JOE MEYER, in a BMW, led all the way to win the Grand Prix of America in Detroit. Winner's JACK STEWART failed to finish the race, but he led the second drivers' championship anyway with 51 points and only three races remaining.

BOATING—Prime Minister Edward Heath, at the helm of *Mosser Cloud* led GREAT BRITAIN to victory over the United States in the Admiral's Cup series in Portsmouth, England (July 4). In the final race, the 605-hp *Yankee Red*, Ted Tappan's American *Capri*, which was not among the official Admiral Cup competitors, crossed the finish line first and set a record of 3:01.05.

FOOTBALL—The New York Jets and the Oakland Raiders had their only 1971 confrontations in exhibition games in which Al Woodard and Ken Stabler substituted for injured quarterbacks Joe Namath and Donkey Lukanowski. Raiders' rookie quarterback Dave (Duke) Johnson out of a 41-20 win for Oakland with a 90-yard kickoff return in other games. San Francisco and Miami tied 17-17 when Steve Spurrier missed a 15-yard TD to Jerry Seimons with 2:11 remaining. LOS ANGELES (Jepson) defeated 15-7 but lost Joe Schell, Phil Otero and Gary Ferguson to injuries. Rams' rookie Safety Dave (Duke) (Texas A&M) recovered a fumble and intercepted a pass that set up a touchdown and a field goal. BALTIMORE beat Chicago 23-13 with Earl Morrall throwing a 15-yard scoring pass to Ray Bellamy. CINCINNATI's rookie quarterback, Ken Anderson (Akron), threw two TD passes at the Bengals' home Denver 17-24. Four field goals by KANNAN CULPIN, Joe Gauntlett gave the Chiefs a 12-30 victory over Atlanta, while two TD passes by Roger Staubach led DALLAS to a 36-27 win over New Orleans. ST. LOUIS edged Houston 14-14. WASHINGTON beat Denver 17-13, the NEW ENGLAND Patriots defeated the New York Jets 28-14, PITTSBURGH beat Green Bay 16-11 and MINNESOTA's clipboard Sam (Duke) 34-3. A team record compiled 19 of 26 games for two TDs.

GOLF—HOLLY STACY, 17, of Savannah, Ga. won an unprecedented third straight USGA Girls Junior championship in her last year of eligibility by beating Amy Alcott of Los Angeles one up with all-Scott birdsie put on the 19th hole (June 4).

HAWAIIAN RACING—ALBERTO TORRES, driven by Stanley Daxner, won his 14th and 15th races of the year, taking both seats of the \$80,000 Aloha Stakes for 3-year-old colts at the Meadows in Philadelphia the first in 1:58 3/5 and the second in 1:59 3/5 (June 14).

DART HANOVER (Bill 40), a 6-year-old American-bred and Swedish-owned pup, with Steve

John Grooms, won the \$5,000 American Trotting Championship at New York's Rensselaer Raceway and qualified for Saturday's \$125,000 International Trot. Steve, who finished in 31 seconds, his length back, also qualified for the International.

HORSE RACING—LAUREN DANCER (527-40), a 3-year-old Canadian filly with Canada's Sundry Hickey as jockey, took the \$50,000 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga Springs by three lengths over Alma North in stakes-record time of 2:01. Forward Gal finished third, three lengths further back.

BOLD YOLP PEACE (522) and **GOVERNOR MAX** (56-60) won the two \$75,000 divisions of the Arlington-Washington Fairway in Chicago. Bold Your Peace, ridden by Calico Stargatz, scored his second victory in six starts. Governor Max, ridden by Craig Porter, his third in three outings.

BREKET (57), Walter Blum as jockey, took the \$10,200 Kindergarten Stakes at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia by a nose over *Tomahawk*.

PA-NAMERICAN GAMES—THE UNITED STATES, with 165 gold medals, 71 silver and 40 bronze, dominated the 1964th competition at Cali, Colombia in Cali. Ending an impasse in gold with 30 gold, 50 silver and 25 bronze (June 16). The American rock swimmers swept 14 of 15 events, with Frank Hech of Southern Cal. ranked six, and gained both golds in diving. BRAZIL won the men's and women's football titles, followed by Puerto Rico in the men's tournament and the U.S. in the women's. CUBA took the gold medal in basketball with an 8-0 win-loss record—and volleyball, with the U.S. runner-up in both sports. The U.S. gained its only gold medal in team competition by winning the water polo tournament, and was its first cycling gold medal in Pan-Am history when John Howard, a 25-year-old spider from Springfield, Mo., beat Brazilian Luis Carlos Flores by one second in the 400-meter road race.

TENNIS—BILLIE JEAN KING took her first National City Club Open Championship with a 6-4, 7-5 win over defending champion Linda Tuero at the Meadowbrook Club in Indianapolis. King did not lose a set in five matches all week on the way to her \$5,000 first prize, which raised her earnings to \$17,750. 28-LAKED RIVER, a 1960 champion and No. 2 seeded player, defeated Cliff Richter, the No. 1 seed and defending champion, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-0. For the men's side, Top-seeded CHRIS EVERT of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., moving she can handle tougher odds than clay, won the U.S. Girls' 16-and-Under Grass Court Championship at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, beating Eve Newberry of La Jolla, Calif. 6-4, 6-3, 6-0. Underrated in 40 consecutive junior matches, Mos

Fort was awarded the Maurice Connally Brinkley Trophy for outstanding group-play this year.

TRAC & FIELD—JUNA VAATANEN of Finland completed a rare double double at the Euro-poleat championships in Helsinki, winning both the 10,000-meter (27:52.4) and the 5,000-meter (13:12.4) runs. Only Eero Zappala of Yugoslavia (1:50 and 1:40) won a double in the European championships. Earlier in the race, PAINA MELNIK of the Soviet Union set a world record of 2:09.0 in the women's 800-meter race, exceeding Cathy Easton Westerman's 1:58 mark by 10% (June 10). On the final day, KAREN BURBULL of East Germany won the women's 5,000-meter run in world-record time of 1:40.6, and the East German women's 4000-meter relay team set a world record of 7:59.1.

RELEASED—ANNOUNCED By a Catholic at a synod representing the Royal Veterans of the White Cross, the withdrawal of medals for the 1974 American Cup, because of failure to meet software funds.

RETIRED ANTONIO ORDOÑEZ, 39, one of Spain's greatest bullfighters, after only 26 of the planned 50 bullfights in his last comeback. Ordoñez announced in San Sebastian, "This is the last bull I will kill in public."

SIDELINED LEE TRIVINO, 31, who has won the U.S., British and Canadian Opens and a total of 577-215, has retired from professional golf on Tour or Consensus. Mr. Trivino is expected to miss three weeks of the golf tour.

Probably for the state reason, Green Bay Packers' quarterback DARYL STANLEY, after a second operation to correct an injured arm in London.

SOLD MUDCAT GRANT, 36-year-old relief pitcher who was a 21-game winner with the 1965 Braves, was sold to the Minnesota Twins, in the Oakland Athletics by the Pittsburgh Pirates. The same day the Pirates acquired BOB MILLER, 35, a relief pitcher with a 7-3 record from the San Diego Padres. The A's are Grant's seventh major league team; the Pirates are Miller's fourth.

NOTED By faculty representatives of the Big Ten Conference, repeal of the rule forbidding its members from playing in nonmember state bowls, to be in effect for the 1971 year.

DIED MARSHORE (Tosha) REAS/JOHN, 48, who as a pitcher for the Brooklyn Red Doves from 1948-1953, of an apparent stroke in Honolulu. Mrs. Reas' husband's death and injuries on the beach made her one of her sport's first stars and helped gain popularity for the Red Doves on TV.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO SMALL FEAT

Sirs:

Thank you for a refreshing look at Small Town, U.S.A. (*The Greatest Athlete in Yates Center, Kansas*, Aug. 9), where people may know everything about each other but have the essential element lacking in large cities where professional sports reign supreme—the element of honest concern and care for the individual in sports.

MARY JO WILLIAMS

New Bloomfield, Mo.

Sirs:

In this age of superstars, every town in America can produce the name of at least one athlete who has credentials similar to those of Mike Peterson. In my part of Pennsylvania alone, I could name five or six athletes in the past 10 years who have accomplished more than Peterson during their high school careers, and yes, they were modest, too.

BRUCE SIMON

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

There are many more athletes competing in the California Interscholastic Federation, Southern Section than there are in all of Kansas. Southern California, due mainly to tough competition, can boast of many age-group world-record holders. Why then is this area and its athletes ignored while attention is given to a small-town legend?

DON LEIBATZ

Whittier, Calif.

Sirs:

I wonder if the school board of Philadelphia read the article. If so, perhaps it will reconsider its decision to terminate high school sports in that city. The school board should examine its priorities and see what it means to stifle the growth of young Mike Petersens.

CLIFTON G. SCAGGS

Brox, N.Y.

Sirs:

Marvin Dodd said that he knew of no other community in Kansas that would show this kind of spirit in supporting its football team after the town collected 76,100 beer cans for salvage. I know of no other community in the world with a population of 2,178 that would even be able to support anything after 76,100 beers. That is almost 35 beers per person.

L. MARRY CLARKSON JR.

Atlanta

A SURE BET

Sirs:

The Harrah's Tahoe Race Book odds on this year's NFL season are quite interesting

(SCORECARD, Aug. 16). Since the odds, for example, on Detroit winning the National Conference title are 3-1, this means that, according to Harrah's, the Lions stand one chance in four of winning. And so on down the line—Minnesota has a two-in-nine shot at the championship, San Francisco has a one-in-five chance, etc.

Some fairly simple calculations show that these are betting odds, not true odds—with a big edge to the house. Assuming all the teams are bet proportionately, it does not matter to Harrah's which team wins; Harrah's will be taking in about \$3 for every \$2 it has to pay out. Whatever the outcome of the football season, I'd say Harrah's is odds-on favorite to come out a winner.

CULIN BARRETT

Suitland, Md.

BUCKSKIN BEATS THE ODDS

Sirs:

Albert the Alligator has been banished to the Everglades by Judge Harold Smith, where his diet will be more fish and less dog meat (PROFILE, Aug. 9). It is very likely that another gator will move in and take his place in the 6th hole lake at the Marco Island (Fla.) Golf and Country Club.

Albert did not get every animal that wandered into his lake while he was at Marco. I know of one—Buckskin, my 96-pound yellow Labrador—who did escape Albert. Last spring Buckskin plunged into the lake and was immediately hauled under the water by Albert. Buckskin fought loose and came back to the surface. Albert then closed his jaws on Buckskin and pulled him under the water again. Somehow Buckskin tore away from Albert and limped ashore with deep teeth marks in his thighs and legs.

Probably the person most impressed over Buckskin's escape was the veterinarian who treated him. He said he never had seen a comparable case, since a dog just does not get away from an alligator once the gator pulls him under water.

RICHARD A. SWEET

Pittsburgh

RIGHT ON

Sirs:

You are quite right in your conclusion that one of the purposes of sport is the achievement of excellence (SCORECARD, Aug. 9). However, to set the record straight, my suggestion was not to send second-class material—but to send fewer competitors—perhaps one or two instead of three in an event.

AVERY BRUNDAGE

President

International Olympic Committee

Chicago

FAN'S LAMENT

Sirs:

We have listened to Robert Short make excuses for his financial plight (*Bad Case of the Short Shorts*, Aug. 9) and criticize Washington as a baseball town long enough. First, let me say that blaming poor attendance on the fact that Washington is too close to Baltimore is utterly false. If Washington fans were treated as well as Baltimore fans (check the admission prices there), they would outdraw them by several hundred thousand. There are almost three million people in the Washington metro area, more than enough to support a major league team.

When Short came to Washington in 1969 he raised the ticket prices. Worse yet, he changed reserved grandstand seats to box seats, changed unreserved grandstand seats to reserved grandstand seats and moved unreserved grandstand seats to the upper deck of the outfield. He then had the gall to say that he had only raised box seats to \$4 (from \$3.50), without mentioning the change in seating arrangements. At the same time, he boosted mezzanine box seats to \$5 and last season raised them to \$6.

I don't think that it's fair to charge outrageous prices and then say that fans have an obligation to go out to the ballpark to see the team play. I am still a Washington Senators fan, but I have been dormant since Robert Short bought the team. When he lowers prices and learns to appreciate his fans, he will have no problems with attendance.

JACK BOND

Laurel, Md.

Sirs:

I thought the implied criticism of Washington fans by Calvin Griffith was unjustified. It is true that "Washingtonians have endured athletic mediocrity longer and with greater patience than their more fortunate counterparts in other communities." But Griffith seems to have conveniently forgotten the simple fact that a winning team draws fans (the Mets were an exception), and the Griffith can never provide one during its stay in Washington.

Look at Griffith's Twins this season now that they are a losing team. Their attendance is some 200,000 lower than last year. And despite the fact that "Baltimore wins everything," the Orioles can't even sell out a playoff or a World Series game. In 1969 the fourth-place Senators drew 918,000, while the American League champion Baltimore Orioles drew a fraction over a million—less than 150,000 more than the Senators. Yet there has been no talk of moving either the Twins or the Orioles. Give us

continued



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